

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. XVIII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1889.

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Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, etc. Colorado and California business a specialty. For rates and full information, apply to

H. G. LOCKE, N. B. Agent,

227 Washington street, Boston.

—Mr. J. B. Gleason, of this town, has bought a place in Arlington, where he will make his home.

About Town Matters

IN ARLINGTON.

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—The wife of Mr. Isaac P. Woods, depot master of the centre station, died quite suddenly, last Monday. Though in feeble health for a considerable time, and having no hope of ultimate recovery, death came unexpectedly, as is so often the case. A comparatively new comer among us, and not able to engage in social pleasures to any great degree, she had many friends here who will join with the wide circle in her old home in mourning her loss. The interment was at Chelmsford, yesterday afternoon.

—Mr. Wm. E. Wood, who has been spending the winter up to this time with his uncle, Mr. Nelson E. Blake, of Chicago, in the endeavor to regain his strength impaired by over-work, has gone to Clifton Springs, N. Y. A sanitarium is located at this place which is highly recommended, and Mr. Wood is to try for a few months the treatment practiced for patients suffering in a like manner as himself. We certainly hope the experiment will prove all it promises in his behalf and a short time may see him home and in his usual excellent health.

—Mr. C. P. Gage and family have taken up their residence in the new home recently built on Jason street. The house is located on the west side of the street and is decidedly attractive in construction and finish, both inside and out. The interior is furnished with all the modern conveniences, and the rooms are made pleasant and homelike with tasteful and handsome papers. A feature in several rooms is handsome wooden overmantles faced with beautiful tiles. Character is given to the exterior of the house by graceful towers and a wide veranda on two sides which terminates in a porte-cochere over the side entrance.

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—The monthly Sunday school concert was held in the vestry of the Baptist church on Sunday evening at the usual hour. The exercises were appropriate to the new year and were of an interesting character. The choir of the church rendered appropriate musical selections, interspersed between recitations by Miss Carrie Lawrence, Mr. Hartnell Bartlett, Miss Anna Cousins, Mr. Frank Wyman, Miss Ella Crawford, Miss Lou Learned, and Mr. Harry C. Gregory. The address was by the pastor, Rev. C. H. Watson.

—Jesse Bacon's death is the first break for this cause in the membership of the Adelphi Club, which has had a successful existence for over ten years. The Club attended the funeral in a body. Mr. Bacon was a charter member of Menotomy Lodge K. of H., the only secret organization he ever joined, and at the time of his death held his membership with the Cambridge lodge which received the bulk of the Arlington membership when the lodge in this town surrendered its charter.

—The alarm of fire, last Wednesday night, was caused by the burning of an old barn on the John Davis estate, near the foot of Arlington Heights. The building was of little value, but was used at the time of the fire by Mr. Drew as a place for the manufacture of police bills, and he loses stock on hand and some tools. The fire department responded promptly to the alarm, struck at 11.50, and the "hookers" were kept busy for an hour or more pulling down and extinguishing the burning frame. There is no water available at this point, and again is emphasized the need of a good chemical engine for that section of the town.

—The annual meeting of the Orthodox Congregational Parish was held in the vestry of the church, Monday evening, the attendance being unusually large. Mr. William G. Peck was chosen moderator, and under the several articles of the warrant the following officers were chosen:—

Clerk.—Cassius M. Hall.
Treasurer.—A. Winslow Trow.
Parish Com.—Walter Crosby, John I. Peatfield, Albert Gooding.
Music Com.—Samuel A. Fowle, William F. Sprague, Walter L. Frost.
Auditor.—George H. Rugg.

The reports of the various boards were received and placed on file, the present condition and future prospects of the parish discussed, a new method of collecting pew rentals (envelope system, monthly collections) was adopted and then the meeting adjourned for two weeks.

—The temperance people are quietly marshalling their strength and organizing their forces for the annual "battle of the ballots" with the liquor and saloon interests, and will be glad of the help and encouragement of all who believe there is no place for the licensed saloon in this beautiful town. The result of two consecutive years of the "no-license" plan has been to convince many doubters that this is the true policy, particularly as we are now surrounded by an almost continuous belt of no-license communities. The traffic is now confined to the narrowest of narrow limits, and every year the present policy is continued the better it will be for the town as a whole. But no one interested can afford to relax vigilance. Last fall nearly a hundred names were added to the voting list and a large majority of these are expected to swell the license vote in March. Every voter, therefore, who opposes the licensing of saloons and rum shops must be on hand to vote when election day comes.

—"Ladies' night" at the house of the Arlington Boat Club, on Friday evening last, was a decidedly enjoyable occasion, the beauty of the evening, doubtless, having a tendency to draw out the unusual number present. Quite a large delegation from Cambridge was present, and the main hall of the house was actually crowded with the lady friends and others who expressed, by their presence, their pleasure at being able to avail themselves of the hospitality of the club and the facilities for amusement which the house affords. Dancing filled the larger part of the evening very enjoyably, and the devotees of the bowling alley relieved the room of any over-crowding. An impromptu musical entertainment was furnished during the waits between the dances, Mr. Ernest E. Hesselstine favoring an appreciative audience with solo numbers and Messrs. Herbert Pattee, with his mandolin, and Charlie Doughty, with banjo, contributed a tuneful duet. A pianist from Boston (Mr. Tombs) furnished excellent music for the dancing and after he left for the city Miss Nellie Hardy kindly lent her services, playing brilliant dance music till the breaking up of the party about eleven o'clock.

—A successful "basket party" was held in the chapel at Arlington Heights, on Tuesday evening, the proceeds being for the benefit of the same.

—Many old friends of Prof. Dorchester availed themselves of the opportunity to hear his addresses delivered at the Arlington Heights chapel last Sunday at both morning and evening services.

—There was a meeting of the Universalist Social Club last evening. A full attendance of the members was entertained by Miss Esther Richardson at her home on Arlington Avenue, a pleasing programme being presented for the evening's enjoyment.

—Mr. Herbert W. Pattee's second annual concert was given in Town Hall last evening before an audience filling every seat. It was appreciative and enthusiastic in its expressions of approval, the beneficiary and his friend Mr. Hesselstine being signally favored with encores and recalls. Neither ever appeared to better advantage or showed more fun provoking ability. Mrs. Lenfest, the soprano soloist, won fresh honors from an Arlington audience, while Miss Hillman, the contralto, shared honors with her, both in solo and duet, being heavily applauded and encored. The quartette from the Boston Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, were applauded to the echo in all their various numbers, and Mr. George A. Carter, humorist, gave a pleasing variety to the programme by his selections. The Arlington Orchestra performed its part in the evening's entertainment by giving strong orchestral numbers, executed with skill and good expression. As a whole the affair was a signal success. The following is the full programme:—

PART I.

Overture, Arlington Orchestra.
"March Past," Boston Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.
Song, "My Lady's Bower," Miss M. Gertrude Hillman.
Humorous Selection, Mr. Geo. A. Carter.
Mandolin & Guitar Duet, "Arlington March," Messrs. Boyden & Haley.
Messrs. Hesselstine & Pattee in "Eccentricities,"
Song, "Dear Heart," Mrs. G. B. Lenfest.

PART II.

Selection, Arlington Orchestra.
Humorous Selection, Mr. Geo. A. Carter.
Banjo Duet, "Palfrey Mazurka," Messrs. Wild and Bates.
The Irish Christening (by request), E. E. Hesselstine.
Duet, "Two Forest Nymphs," Miss Hillman.
Humorous Selection, Mr. H. W. Pattee.
Banjo Solo, Mr. Johnny Wild.
Finale, Arlington Orchestra.

—Another of the prominent business men of Arlington has ended his life work. Mr. Jesse Bacon, for a long series of years associated with the building enterprises of Arlington and vicinity, died a victim to pneumonia at an early hour Tuesday forenoon. He has not been in robust health for a few years past, but was about his business as usual until a few days before his death. Mr. Bacon was a mason by trade, and for a long series of years has carried on the business here, at times employing a large number of hands. He was implicitly trusted by all who knew him, and several whose business relations with him were most intimate have assured us that they would feel perfectly safe to give him any kind of a building enterprise in his line without any agreement as to price, being sure of exact justice and fair dealing at his hands. Mr. Bacon served his fellow citizens in public office to a small extent, serving on the Board of Selectmen in 1872, (the year the town had five on the board), but public office was what he did not desire, although he had previously (in 1871) served the town as representative in the Legislature. Mr. Peabody, the Niles family, and other wealthy residents here, relied upon him implicitly for work upon their estates, because, as one well expresses it, "He did not know how to do a poor job." Mr. Bacon's wife died several years ago, but he leaves a son and four daughters, one of whom is the wife of Warren A. Pierce, Esq., who has also served the town in various capacities, and the District in the Legislature. Mr. Bacon was possessed of many excellencies of disposition which endeared him to a large circle of friends over whom his death will cast a cloud of sadness, while his memory will ever be cherished with a tender regard by his family, who have the sympathy of the whole community. The funeral occurred yesterday afternoon, from Mr. Bacon's home on Mystic street. It was

numerously attended and a marked feature of the funeral train was that fine body of men comprising the Adelphi Club, nearly every member turning out as a mark of respect to their associate.

—A few days ago we made a visit to the town gravel pit and stone crusher located in the rear of the residence of Mr. Charles Schwamb. Radical improvements have recently been made in the working of the machine which furnishes material for our road making by Superintendent Kimball, which we will endeavor to explain. The engine for running the crusher is housed in a small building and a new structure has been added on the east end of it which protects the crusher from the weather and contains the machinery which has been recently added. The new building is roughly but strongly constructed and is a story and a half in height. In the second story are two bins. An endless belt, about eighteen inches in width, is attached to a pulley directly beneath the crusher and runs on another pulley over the bins. On this belt are fastened, about a foot apart, cleats of sheet iron, held in place by small chains. The stones are thrown into the crusher and broken up, and as they pass out are deposited on the belt, the cleats holding the stone in place until it reaches the bins, a story above. Here it is sorted by means of screens, the dust being sifted into a trough and conducted outside of the building and the fine stone falling into one bin and the coarser remaining portion being deposited in the other. The bins are arranged with a chute, and all that is required to load a cart is to place it underneath the bins and open the chute. This method will greatly facilitate the work, and do away with the loading by hand. Men are now at work hauling stone which is stacked up in the field near by ready for operations. The method of conveying the stone to the bins is borrowed from the chutes used in housing the ice harvest taken from Spy pond.

—At the close of the morning service at the Congregational church, last Sunday, a letter from Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., pastor of the church, dated at Washington, D. C., was read, in which he resigned his pastorate by reason of continued ill health. A special meeting of the church is called for next Wednesday evening, when official action will be taken on the matter.

—A few years past has witnessed a remarkable number of deaths among men prominently identified with the business interests of Arlington.

Lexington Locals.

—The circuit meeting at the First Parish church, on Sunday was well attended and was an interesting occasion. Excellent music was furnished, under the direction of Mrs. H. E. Holt, by the choir and a female quartette made up of Miss Minnie Brown, Miss Nellie Holt, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Houghton, who rendered a selection in a delightful manner. The subject for discussion was "The value of public worship," and each of the pastors present had practical suggestions to present on the theme. The ministers present were Rev. Mr. Hall, of Cambridge, Rev. Mr. Buckley, of Concord, Rev. Mr. Thompson, of East Lexington, and Rev. A. M. Lord, of Arlington.

—A meeting of the Corporation of the Cary Library took place in the Library room Monday evening. At the same time and place there was also held a meeting of the present trustees of the library. Each faction, in a separate session, discussed the matter in regard to the management of the library which has occupied the attention of our citizens now for some time, but nothing definite was arrived at on either side. A committee, however, was chosen from the corporation composed of Messrs. F. O. Vailie, C. C. Goodwin, Geo. O. Whiting, to confer with a committee chosen from the board of trustees who were instructed to confer together to see what could be done to accomplish a final adjustment of the matter. These two committees have held several meetings the past week and the result which they have arrived at will be reported at an adjourned meeting of the corporation to be held next Monday evening, at the same place. The committee to represent the trustees is made up of Messrs. Webster Smith, Dr. R. M. Lawrence and Rev. Mr. Thompson.

—About six hundred volumes have been added to the Cary Library the past year.

As a valuable remedy for dyspepsia, sick headache, torpid liver, and such like diseases we can recommend Laxador. It is for sale by all druggists. Price only 25 cents a package.

An unpleasant passenger in a street car is a crying baby. In such cases Dr. Bull's Laxador should be given to the little sufferer to ease its troubles. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

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Auditor,—George H. Rugg.

The reports of the various boards were received and placed on file, the present condition and future prospects of the parish discussed, a new method of collecting pew rentals (envelope system, monthly collections) was adopted and then the meeting adjourned for two weeks.

=The temperance people are quietly marshalling their strength and organizing their forces for the annual "battle of the ballots" with the liquor and saloon interests, and will be glad of the help and encouragement of all who believe there is no place for the licensed saloon in this beautiful town. The result of two consecutive years of the "no-liquor" plan has been to convince many doubters that this is the true policy, particularly as we are now surrounded by an almost continuous belt of no-liquor communities. The traffic is now confined to the narrowest of narrow limits, and every year the present policy is continued the better it will be for the town as a whole. But no one interested can afford to relax vigilance. Last fall nearly a hundred names were added to the voting list and a large majority of these are expected to swell the license vote in March. Every voter, therefore, who opposes the licensing of saloons and rum shops must be on hand to vote when election day comes.

=The "Ladies' night" at the house of the Arlington Boat Club, on Friday evening last, was a decidedly enjoyable occasion, the beauty of the evening, doubtless, having a tendency to draw out the unusual number present. Quite a large delegation from Cambridge was present and the main hall of the house was actually crowded with the lady friends and others who expressed, by their presence, their pleasure at being able to avail themselves of the hospitality of the club and the facilities for amusement which the house affords. Dandies filled the larger part of the evening very enjoyably, and the devotees of the bowling alley relieved the room of any over-crowding. An impromptu musical entertainment was furnished during the waits between the dances, Mr. Ernest E. Hesselstine favoring an appreciative audience with solo numbers and Messrs. Herbert Pattee, with his mandolin, and Charlie Doughty, with banjo, contributed a tuneful duet. A pianist from Boston (Mr. Tombs) furnished excellent music for the dancing and after he left for the city Miss Nellie Hardy kindly lent her services, playing brilliant dance music till the breaking up of the party about eleven o'clock.

=A successful "basket party" was held in the chapel at Arlington Heights, on Tuesday evening, the proceeds being for the benefit of the same.

=Many old friends of Prof. Dorchester availed themselves of the opportunity to hear his addresses delivered at the Arlington Heights chapel last Sunday at both morning and evening services.

=There was a meeting of the Universalist Society Club last evening. A full attendance of the members was entertained by Miss Esther Richardson at her home on Arlington Avenue, a pleasing programme being presented for the evening's enjoyment.

=Mr. Herbert W. Pattee's second annual concert was given in Town Hall last evening before an audience filling every seat. It was appreciative and enthusiastic in its expressions of approval, the beneficiary and his friend Mr. Hesselstine being signally favored with eulogies and recalls. Neither ever appeared to better advantage or showed more fun provoking ability. Mrs. Lenfest, the soprano soloist, won fresh honors from an Arlington audience, while Miss Hillman, the contralto, shared honors with her, both in solo and duet, being heartily applauded and encored. The quartette from the Boston Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club, were applauded to the echo in all their various numbers, and Mr. George A. Carter, humorist, gave a pleasing variety to the programme by his selections. The Arlington Orchestra performed its part in the evening's entertainment by giving strong orchestral numbers, executed with skill and good expression. As a whole the affair was a signal success. The following is the full programme:—

PART I.
Arlington Orchestra.
"March Past," Boston Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.
Song, "We Lady Bowers," Miss M. Gertrude Hillman.
Humorous Selection, Mr. Geo. A. Carter.
Mandolin and Guitar Duets, "Arlington March," Messrs. Boyden & Haley.
Messrs. Hesselstine & Pattee in "Keccon-tricks."
Song, "Dear Heart," Mrs. G. B. Lenfest.
PART II.
Arlington Orchestra.
Humorous Selection, Mr. Geo. A. Carter.
Banjo Duet, "Alfred Mazurka," Messrs. Wild and Bates.
The Irish Christening (by request), E. E. Hesselstine.
Duet, "Two Forest Nymphs," Mrs. Lenfest & Miss Hillman.
"Some Nonsense," H. W. Pattee.
Banjo Solo, Mr. Johnny Wild.
Finale, Arlington Orchestra.

=Another of the prominent business men of Arlington has ended his life work. Mr. Jesse Bacon, for a long series of years associated with the building enterprises of Arlington and vicinity, died a victim to pneumonia at an early hour Tuesday forenoon. He has not been in robust health for a few years past, but was about his business as usual until a few days before his death. Mr. Bacon was a mason by trade, and for a long series of years has carried on the business here, at times employing a large number of hands. He was implicitly trusted by all who knew him, and several whose business relations with him were most intimate have assured us that they would feel perfectly safe to give him any kind of a building enterprise in his line without any agreement as to price, being sure of exact justice and fair dealing at his hands. Mr. Bacon served his fellow citizens in public office to a small extent, serving on the Board of Selectmen in 1872, (the year the town had five on the board), but public office was what he did not desire, although he had previously (in 1871) served the town as representative in the Legislature. Mr. Peabody, the Niles family, and other wealthy residents here, relied upon him implicitly for work upon their estates, because, as one well expresses it, "He did not know how to do a poor job." Mr. Bacon's wife died several years ago, but he leaves a son and four daughters, one of whom is the wife of Warren A. Pierce, Esq., who has also served the town in various capacities, and the District in the Legislature. Mr. Bacon was possessed of many excellencies of disposition which endeared him to a large circle of friends over whom his death will cast a cloud of sadness, while his memory will ever be cherished with a tender regard by his family, who have the sympathy of the whole community. The funeral occurred yesterday afternoon, from Mr. Bacon's home on Mystic street. It was

numerously attended and a marked feature of the funeral train was that fine body of men comprising the Adelphi Club, nearly every member turning out as a mark of respect to their associate.

=A few days ago we made a visit to the town gravel pit and stone crusher located in the rear of the residence of Mr. Charles Schwamb. Radical improvements have recently been made in the working of the machine which furnishes material for our road making by Superintendent Kimball, which we will endeavor to explain. The engine for running the crusher is housed in a small building and a new structure has been added on the east end of it which protects the crusher from the weather and contains the machinery which has been recently added. The new building is roughly but strongly constructed and is a story and a half in height. In the second story are two bins. An endless belt, about eighteen inches in width, is attached to a pulley directly beneath the crusher and runs on another pulley over the bins. On this belt are fastened, about a foot apart, cleats of sheet iron, held in place by small chains. The stones are thrown into the crusher and broken up, and as they pass out are deposited on the belt, the cleats holding the stone in place until it reaches the bins a story above. Here it is sorted by means of screens, the dust being sifted into a trough and conducted outside of the building and the fine stone falling into one bin and the coarser remaining portion being deposited in the other. The bins are arranged with a chute, and all that is required to load a cart is to place it underneath the bins and open the chute. This method will greatly facilitate the work, and do away with the loading by hand. Men are now at work hauling stone which is stacked up in the field near by ready for operations. The method of conveying the stone to the bins is borrowed from the chutes used in housing the ice harvest taken from Spy pond.

=At the close of the morning service at the Congregational church, last Sunday, a letter from Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., pastor of the church, dated at Washington, D. C., was read, in which he resigned his pastorate by reason of continued ill health. A special meeting of the church is called for next Wednesday evening, when official action will be taken on the matter.

=A few years past has witnessed a remarkable number of deaths among men prominently identified with the business interests of Arlington.

Lexington Locals.

=The circuit meeting at the First Parish church, on Sunday was well attended and was an interesting occasion. Excellent music was furnished, under the direction of Mrs. H. E. Holt, by the choir and a female quartette made up of Miss Minnie Brown, Miss Nellie Holt, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Houghton, who rendered a selection in a delightful manner. The subject for discussion was "The value of public worship," and each of the pastors present had practical suggestions to present on the theme. The ministers present were Rev. Mr. Hall, of Cambridge, Rev. Mr. Buckley, of Concord, Rev. Mr. Thompson, of East Lexington, and Rev. A. M. Lord, of Arlington.

=A meeting of the Corporation of the Cary Library took place in the Library room Monday evening. At the same time and place there was also held a meeting of the present trustees of the library. Each faction, in separate session, discussed the matter in regard to the management of the library which has occupied the attention of our citizens now for some time, but nothing definite was arrived at on either side. A committee, however, was chosen from the corporation composed of Messrs. F. O. Vailie, C. C. Goodwin, Geo. O. Whiting, to confer with a committee chosen from the board of trustees who were instructed to confer together to see what could be done to accomplish a final adjustment of the matter. These two committees have held several meetings the past week and the result which they have arrived at will be reported at an adjourned meeting of the corporation to be held next Monday evening, at the same place. The committee to represent the trustees is made up of Messrs. Webster Smith, Dr. R. M. Lawrence and Rev. Mr. Thompson.

=About six hundred volumes have been added to the Cary Library the past year.

As a valuable remedy for dyspepsia, sick headache, torpid liver, and such like diseases we can recommend Lakador. It is for sale by all druggists. Price only 25 cents a package.

An unpleasant passenger in a street car is a crying baby. In such cases Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup should be given to the little sufferer to ease its troubles. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

Henry Labouchere editor of London *Truth*, declares that there are over a million girls in England unable to secure husbands.

The year 1888 was a critical period in railway history, not only as affecting the United States, but as regards the rest of the world.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* facetiously predicts that if Utah comes into the United States she will probably be called the Matrimonial State.

Northern Maine, which is perhaps the oldest lumbering district in the country, still contains a supply of timber that is said to be practically inexhaustible.

The Garfield Monument at Cleveland, Ohio, will not be dedicated before Decoration Day. It is said that an admission fee will be charged, permanently, to all visitors.

It is thought by experts that the next census, to be taken June 1st, 1890, will show a population in the United States of 64,000,000—an increase of 14,000,000 over that of 1880.

The *Cape Argus Weekly* says that big game is getting scarce in the accessible parts of Africa. Trader hunters say that although occasionally they meet a lion, it is very rarely that an elephant or giraffe is seen.

During the French Republican celebration in Paris this year an international labor congress is to be held. A number of American organizations, including the Central Labor Union of New York city, will send delegates.

The Pittsburg widow who is suing one Frank E. Buffum for \$25,000 for the loss of her husband through a practical joke, deserves, asserts the New York *Telegram*, both sympathy and encouragement. Buffum exploded a big fire cracker near his victim last July, causing fatal injuries.

The assets of the Panama Canal Company at this time, as scheduled by the Philadelphia *Press*, consist of \$100,500,000 worth of machinery, 150,000,000 of uncollectable claims, \$50,000,000 worth of ditch, a fractured credit and a large stock of gloomy prospects. Any of the above items will be sold cheap for cash.

The cultivation of the grape has been greatly developed of recent years in Algeria; so much so that it seems possible that France may recover through her colony the profits of the industry which insects and decay were consuming in the home vineyards. Three departments of Algiers together produced about 50,000,000 gallons of wine last year.

A Pennsylvania Member of Congress is looking up the question of parcels-post, with the view of introducing a bill to compel the adoption of the system in this country. The opposition of express companies is said to have something to do with the neglect of the American authorities to introduce a system that has been found of great benefit in all European countries.

A summing up of the iron and steel trade of the United States during 1888, as made by the *Bulletin* of Philadelphia, of the American Iron and Steel Association, shows that this was not a particularly prosperous year for the iron trade, and in many respects fell below 1887 and 1886. The total production of pig iron during the year is estimated at 6,000,000 tons, and of Bessemer steel rails at 1,350,000 tons.

The people of Dakota are looking for a new name by which to call one-half of that Territory. The present name will fit one of the new States which are to be carved out of it, but the other is still to be christened. Among the names suggested are Winona, Sanona and Pembina, but none of these is wholly satisfactory. The people say they want a name which shall remove the idea of blizzards from the minds of strangers.

The study of fires in large cities shows that a considerable percentage is due to incendiarism, and the insurance companies, suggests the San Francisco *Chronicle*, should devise some method of swift and thorough investigation in order that incendiarism may be made too dangerous for criminals to take a hand in. It is probable also that in most States the penalty for arson could be increased, if it were shown that the present penalty was too light.

The San Francisco *Chronicle's* annual review states that 1888 was the most prosperous year in California's history. The present population is estimated at 1,400,000. Many counties have doubled, some trebled their population during the year. Mineral productions for 1888 are valued at \$170,000,000, orchard products at \$21,000,000, and cereals at \$55,000,000; hay and vegetables, \$60,000,000; wine and brandy, \$8,000,000; wool, \$1,500,000; saving bank deposits, \$175,000,000, or \$7,000,000 over 1887; assessed value of all property increased \$102,000,000; raisin product, 1,250,000 boxes; orange product, season 1888-89, estimated, 1,400,000 boxes; bean product, 70,000,000 pounds.

Those who are familiar with the old-fashioned adulterants employed in imported olive oils will thank their stars, declares the Atlanta *Constitution*, that cotton-seed oil is so cheap and handy. The addition of this oil, so far from being an adulteration, is a decided improvement on the oils that used to be sent to this country, and there is no reason why even an epicure should object to it.

The workmen of Europe are awakening to the fact that the large military forces kept standing by European governments are maintained at their expense. It is said that the organized labor societies on the continent, irrespective of nationality, have determined to protest against the using of public moneys for such purposes while schools and other public institutions are neglected.

Mr. Firth, who poses as a "New Zealander," with the assistance of Mr. Froude, has written his "Opinions on America and the Americans." Mr. Firth does not find anything in the United States to his liking. He has expressed himself in very serious language about some of the evils actually present or likely to show themselves which he discerned. Americans "recklessly disregard in various ways the laws of health and life." This censure is founded on the eccentricities of their diet, their excess in smoking, the unhealthy heating of their homes, and what Mr. Firth calls their "excessive shaving." The new generation seems likely to be under the tyranny of the razor as utterly as Englishmen were forty years ago.

"Money is cheap enough," according to the Boston *Advertiser*, "to those who have absolute security to offer. Uncle Sam can borrow money now at less than two per cent. per annum. The Government actuary calculates that Government four per cent. bonds purchased at market rates now pay 2.203 per cent. interest to investors. Four and one half per cents. pay 1.6-2. These calculations are based upon average prices during November. We know lots of farmers who would be willing to pay double these rates, and give good farms as security. While Western farmers are paying twelve to eighteen per cent. per annum for loans, it is difficult to raise money on Eastern farm loans at five to six per cent., though the latter afford much the best security."

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has signed a Pacific mail contract with the English Government, says a Montreal dispatch. The service is to commence in eighteen months, and the company will receive \$231,000 annually from the Imperial Government and \$75,000 from the Dominion Government, for ten years, for a monthly service to Yokohama, Hong Kong, and Shanghai. If an eighteen knots average can be made on the Atlantic end, the Canadian route to Hong Kong can easily compete with the Suez line. The necessity for fast ships is thus indicated, and the dispatches hint that Australia, with only 4,000,000 population, pays \$1,575,000 for purely ocean service, instead of the small amount appropriated by the Dominion as above given.

Artemus Ward's will has just been probated in this country. It was made in England where he died twenty-one years ago. During the closing years of his life this great humorist was more popular than any of the fun makers of to-day. When he went to England he captured the Britishers as easily as he had won his own countrymen. Perhaps his greatest success was as a lecturer. He was a slender young man, with light hair, blue eyes, an aquiline nose, and the saddest expression that ever rested on the face of mortal man. When he got off his funniest sayings he seemed to be on the point of shedding tears. He was, in every sense of the phrase, a good fellow. He left a life interest in his estate to his mother, with some charitable bequests to be paid after her death.

The old complaint of the British soldiers in the Sudan about the wretched quality of the arms furnished them has been renewed because of incidents at the last battle at Suakin. Several cavalrymen returned with broken sabers from a gallant charge against the Arabs, while a number of them reported that their revolvers became clogged and therefore worthless. During the desperate battles with the Mahdi's forces in the Sudanese war it was no uncommon thing for British bayonets to double up during hand-to-hand struggles, as if made of pewter, and for brittle sabers to fly into fragments on the slightest provocation. These things created a public scandal in England at the time and it was supposed that soldiers would not be sent out again armed with toy weapons. But this supposition appears to have been an unwarranted one. Wilkinson & Son, the arms manufacturers, who furnished the weapons, explain that they are unable to make bayonets in England now, owing partly to their inability to secure skilled workmen and partly to the incompleteness of their new factory, work on which is being pushed forward. They state that Germany is now the center of the sword-making industry of the world. The English War Office authorities regarded this explanation as reasonable.

AN OLD SERMON.

O man, where'er thou be,
Look well about and see
How, on this mortal star,
All things compounded are
Of the four elements,
Though, to thy baffled sense,
Through many forms they range
And are so swift to change.
These, in their nature sure,
Alone do still endure,
And thou, from each in turn,
Shalt a wise lesson learn.
First thou shalt view the soil,
Given to thy patient toil;
See how the teeming earth
To all good things gives birth
Half the year cold she lies,
Buried in snow and ice,
But when the days of spring
Bring the warm sunshine bring,
Meekly she smiles again,
Forge t'ing all her pain,
And when we wound her fields
Harvest most rich she yields,
So when thou trow thy heart
Keenly with aloe and smart,
When pain and peril stand,
Threatening, at either hand,
And when the rain of grief
Brings thy spent soul relief,
See that in songs of praise
Still thy faint voice thou raise,
And that thou yield brave deeds,
Although thy weak heart bleeds.
Regard thou then the sea,
Which, though, to seeming free,
Yet a fixed law obeys
Through all its errant ways.
Hark! how the breakers roar,
Beating upon the shore!
The billows, mountain high,
Threaten the very sky!
Yet there's no angry wave,
However it foam and rave,
Dare in rebellion try
To pass its boundary.
Hear'st thou the water teach,
Loudly then tongue can preach,
So shall thy firm set will
Govern thy passions still!
Though a fierce war they wage,
Yea, though they storm and rage,
Not one least will shall they
Thy strong resolve dismay.
Consider then the air,
Which, passing every where,
Although 'tis never seen,
God's greatest boon hath been.
So let thy charity
Challenge no human eye,
And, while it doth him aid,
Unto none be denied,
But both on good and ill
Its constant grace distill,
Bringing new life and cheer
To thy sad fellows here.

Mark how the mounting flame,
Returneth whence it came,
Ever doth burning rise
To seek the starry skies.
There's no imperious force
May stay its upward course;
This world holds naught so dear
As can detain it here!
So seek thy goal above,
Unmoved by fear or love;
Thus shalt thou learn from fire
Unswerving to aspire
From the cold breast of earth
To heaven that gave thee birth!
—Zo: Dana Underhill, in the Century.

A WONDERFUL SHOW.

BY THOMAS I. BLAKE.

It was in 1812, I being at Lahore at the time, in the Hon. East India Company's service, that I saw Dalhousie, the Governor-General of British India, visited the court of Runjeet Singh at Lahore; and, in honor of his arrival, a series of magnificent entertainments was given by the Maharajah and his nobility. One of the most remarkable, to Europeans at least, was that which took place on October 17, and at which the writer was present. Immediately after the daylight gun had been fired, the khalsa, or regular, troops of Runjeet assembled on a wide plain (mudauan), just outside the city gates, under the commands of Ventura, Allard and the other French and Italian officers who had disciplined them, extending in long lines of infantry and artillery (golundauze), and flanked or supported by clouds of irregular cavalry, Afghans, Pathans and Beloochees, mingled with bodies of Sikh horsemen, clad in chain armor and bearing, in addition to lances and sabers, quirts of sharpened steel ornamented with gold. Amidst the thunder of cannon and the blast of drum etc., "the old lion of the Punjab," mounted on an enormous elephant and accompanied by Lord Dalhousie, with a numerous staff of Europeans, reviewed the vast multitude which marched and counter-marched before him. After the military maneuvers had concluded and the troops had been dismissed to their quarters, the Maharajah and Governor-General proceeded to the "Shalamar Gardens," where a grand banquet (curra khonna) had been prepared for their reception. The "Shalamar Gardens" are situated at some distance from the city of Lahore, and were adorned with every device that the most skilled architects could imagine to enhance their natural beauty; they were the favorite resort of the Mogul Emperors, and over their entrance is engraved the verse which Moore, in his *Lalla Rookh*, quotes:—
"And, oh, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this; it is this."

The banquet was given in a spacious court, surrounded on three sides by lofty buildings, from the lattices of which the ladies of the zenana could view, unseen, the festivities; and long tables were supplied with every delicacy, prepared in European fashion, for Lord Dalhousie and his suite, whilst Runjeet and his courtiers feasted in Oriental style. To the Sikhs wine is not forbidden, so the celebrated vintage of Schiraz circulated freely, as well as claret, champagne, and the British favorite beverage, pale ale and B. & S.; while the smoke of hookahs and manilla cheroots arose in thick clouds when the dishes had been removed and rose water and betelnuts (pan sapores) handed round to the guests. Then a troop of Nautch girls appeared, and their graceful figures floated in and out in the many evolutions of the shaw-dance, while some of their companions chaunted in shrill tones "the loves of Rana and Naona" to the accompaniment of tom-toms and vine

(drums and guitars). When the dancers had withdrawn a court official stepped forward and announced that "now we should see some wonderful things (tuman-hai)." It must be remembered that there was no stage, with its possibilities of trap doors and mechanical contrivances—nothing but the marble pavement of the court yard, whilst countless lamps and torches shed their brilliant light on every corner. Then into the open space in front of us came three natives, wearing only the cummerbund, or waist-cloth, and went through some extraordinary feats of balancing and sleight-of-hand, too numerous to particularize; then the "mango trick" was performed in a most accomplished way, and the tree sprang up, blossomed and bore fruit. Next the oldest of the performers stood forth and produced a coil of thick cord having a piece of lead attached to the end; this he whirled rapidly around his head, and then, losing his grasp, the weight shot rapidly upward, leaving with it the line, which ran out until only the extreme end remained. There before our eyes hung the cord, apparently suspended from some invisible support, and the performer, calling to one of his assistants, ordered him to go up and see what held it. The other man at first demurred, alleging that the cord could not support his weight, but finally, driven by blows and threats, he commenced the ascent, and going higher and higher at last suddenly vanished from our sight. The elder man then called out to the invisible man to loose the cord and come down, but a voice from the sky refused to do this, and finally the man on the ground becoming enraged, grasped a huge Afghan knife between his teeth, climbed the suspended cord and vanished. Then apparently ensued a battle in mid air; voices were heard in fierce dispute, and then blood-drops descended in a shower, and all was still. Just as all the spectators were gazing upward in horror-stricken amazement the leaden weight fell clashing on the pavement, and the two performers came from behind the audience smiling and saluting. Next four bearers carried in a wooden trestle, on which was a box about five feet in length; then Surcoobah, a Hindoo, appeared, and opening the box showed that it was perfectly empty, and replacing the lid waved his hands over it and muttered some words; suddenly the cry of an infant was heard. Surcoobah removed the covering, and there we plainly saw an infant, apparently just born. The box was closed again and the incantation resumed for some minutes, and when the Hindoo again opened the chest a Nautch girl in full gala dress bounded forth and began to circle round to the music of the tom-toms. Faster and faster played the music, and in still more rapid time whirled the dancing girl. At length old Surcoobah seemed to catch the infection, and, grasping the girl, he, too, spun round in mad gyrations. As the pair, thus strangely assorted, circled round, a change seemed to take place in the Hindoo; the old man vanished and in his place appeared a youth just bordering on manhood. Still with faster steps the dancers flew round, but now the girl seemed gradually to fade away and presently the youth clasped only a skeleton in his arms; on went the mad dance, but suddenly both youth and skeleton had vanished and old Surcoobah, stopping in his mad career, saluted the spectators and withdrew.

This Surcoobah was said to be a yogee, and possesses certain supernatural powers; that evening he performed some very strange things. He walked in the air at a distance of three feet from the surface of the ground; he took leaden bullets and golden armlets, and when he threw them upward they floated in the air, and he sat cross-legged and smoked his hookah fully five feet above the pavement of the courtyard. He asserted that he could at any time die and then come to life again given time, and as many of the Sikhs confirmed this statement, he was determined to test his powers, and this was what occurred. A place was selected where the soil of the plain was dry, and there an underground apartment was excavated; when this was finished a guard of soldiers was placed over it, and on the appointed day Lord Dalhousie and his suite, with a number of the "Sikhs" nobility, assembled there. Surcoobah came with an attendant, or disciple. He laid down on a carpet which was spread on the ground. He then closed his eyes, his attendant stuffed his ears and nostrils with cotton, and turned his tongue backwards until it came to the openings of the windpipe and gullet. Surcoobah now lay perfectly motionless, his body seemed losing its natural heat, and the European surgeons could detect no pulsation; he was dead to all appearance, and so the carpet was carefully lifted and the body deposited in the place already prepared for its reception. The aperture leading to it was closed with a heavy trap door, the keys of which were intrusted to European officers; and over the keyholes were strips of parchment secured with wax, impressed with the seals of Runjeet and Lord Dalhousie. Earth was then shoveled over the trap door and leveled down, so that a tent could be pitched there, in which was stationed a guard of twenty men, half of whom were Europeans, and in charge of an English officer. This was maintained for thirty days, and then in the presence of trusty officials and many spectators the earth was removed; the seals broken and the trap door unlocked. Surcoobah was found still in the same lifeless condition, and apparently quite unchanged, and was at once carried up into the open air; his attendant removed the stuffing from his nostrils and ears, replaced his tongue in its natural position, and anointed his body with ghee (clarified butter). The eyes, when the lids were drawn back, seemed fixed and glassy, no respiration was perceptible, no pulsation could be felt; but yet, after the attendant had rubbed the body for a few moments, Surcoobah sighed, opened his eyes, and arose apparently as well as ever.

How those feats were performed it is difficult to imagine, but this power which yogees are said to possess has puzzled many scientists.—*Derail Free Press.*

The smallest steam engine ever made has just been completed, after two years of labor, for the Paris Exhibition. It is composed of 140 pieces of metal, is a shade under three-fifths of an inch in height, and weighs less than one-ninth of a pound.

THE CULTURE OF PRUNES.

RAISING, GATHERING AND CURING A VALUABLE FRUIT.

Much Care Taken in Shaking the Plums From the Tree—Drying Processes—Packing the Fruit.

The prune is a species of plum, which has been cultivated in Asia Minor from the most remote ages. Some prunes are grown and cured in Turkey, but France monopolizes the bulk of the trade, which, however, is now being shared by California, where the fruit is grown to perfection. A report on the French prune industry by the American Consul, too, evolt, gives some interesting particulars of the culture and preparation of this valuable fruit, of which we have imported in the seven years past about \$5,000,000 worth.

The prune grows best upon limestone clay soils and in temperate climates, reaching the highest perfection where the vine produces its choicest clusters and wines of the highest excellence. It is a shallow-rooted tree, and is frequently planted in vineyards where its roots are shaded by the low trained vines supported on flat trellises for the purpose of getting the most of the sun's heat that is reflected from the soil. A double plantation of vines and prunes is valued in France at one-fourth more than a vineyard alone, and is commonly worth \$300 per acre.

The trees are grafted for the purpose of propagating the best varieties, and are grown in commercial nurseries from which the planters procure their supply of trees. The cultivation is simple, in some localities the orchards are irrigated and the most favored sites for orchards are the moist valleys that are watered by streams flowing from the higher slopes. The trees are carefully pruned to develop a growth of fine fruit, the value of which depends very much upon the size. When ripe the fruit is covered with a light colored bloom which greatly adds to its market value. As the final appearance of the fruit is a large element in its market value, great care is taken in the gathering and curing. The fruit is gathered only after the hot sun has dried the ground and the air and dissipated all dampness. Either straw is spread for the fruit to fall upon or the ground is softened by harrowing, so that the falling fruit is not bruised. The tree is gently shaken, so that only the fully ripe fruit is gathered. The fruit is then taken to the fruit house, where it is spread upon tables to perfect its ripeness. It is then subjected to several cooking processes before it is ready for packing. The first of these is to dry the fruit and get rid of both external and internal moisture. The later processes are intended to give the fruit that bright and brilliant surface which gives to the finest qualities the handsome appearance that is so much desired. For certain purposes the prunes are dried in the sun, but this slow process, while it gives a high flavor to the fruit, enhances the cost too much for the ordinary trade. In some localities the fruit is plunged into boiling water, and so left until the cooled water boils again, when it is cooled and spread upon trays and exposed to the sun until it is dried. In other places the fully-ripe fruit is impaled upon twigs, which are stuck up in beds of straw, to be dried by the sun's heat. The seeds are then pushed out and the prunes once more exposed to the sun, and then packed for sale.

In the most productive departments of France large ovens are used for drying the fruit, which is first washed to remove sand or dust that may have become attached during the gathering. It is then dried in the air upon trays of rough wickerwork and put in single layers in the ovens. The heat of the ovens is carefully regulated so as not to exceed 100 degrees at first, but afterward it is raised to 140 degrees at which heat the juice of the prunes is gradually dried without bursting the skin. Each exposure to these heats continues for six hours, after which the prunes are exposed to the air. During these airings the prunes are turned, but are not touched until they are cold; otherwise the gathering spots the skin and injures the bright, glistening appearance. A third heating is then given at a temperature of 150 degrees to 160 degrees, this heating being continued until the kernel is completely cooked and probable fermentation it prevented. The result of the last heating is to give the prunes a dark purple color, a solid and brilliant surface, and an elastic, firm touch. During the whole process the fruit loses 70 per cent. of its weight.

The fruit is finally sorted into sizes, by which its market value is regulated. No. 1 prunes run 30 to 32 to the pound; No. 2, 30 to 32; No. 3, 30 to 32; No. 4, 30 to 32; No. 5, 35 to 35; No. 6, 44 to 45; No. 7, 40 to 41; No. 8, 34 to 34; and No. 9, 30 to 31. It is then pressed flat between rubber-covered rollers, having a certain space between them, and packed in cases. Some packers use the feet for pressing the fruit in the boxes; others use a simple machine. The common prunes are packed in hogheads and the finest in bottles or jars or in fancy paper boxes lined with gilt paper. The chief port of shipment of the French prunes is Bordeaux, from which more than 100 vessels yearly depart loaded exclusively with this valuable product, besides many others which take partial cargoes.—*New York Times.*

The Apology Worse Than the Offense.

A little girl who had a foolish habit of plain-speaking was taken to the sewing-circle with her mother. On entering the room, after exchanging greetings with several matrons of her acquaintance, Miss Truthful walked up to another lady, and in the confident tone of one who gives utterance to a self-evident fact, she said, loud enough for every one present to hear:—
"Why, Mrs. Handley, how homely you are!"
While the victim was hiding her confusion, as best she might, and the rest were trying hard to conceal their amazement, the young lady herself was hastily taken from the room.
Once in the hall, she was dealt with somewhat severely, and made to feel the enormity of her unintentional rudeness. Then she was taken back to apologize.
Walking straight up to Mrs. Handley, while all the ladies held their breath to listen, she said, with trembling tones and the tears still upon her cheeks:—
"Mrs. Handley, I'm sorry you're so homely!"—*Youth's Companion.*

WISE WORDS.

Beware how you get into debt.
Benevolence begins with trifles.
There is virtue in a promise until it is redeemed.

It is a small thing to be wronged, but a horrible thing to be wrong.
An optimist in an unreflective individual with nerves at concert pitch.
It requires far less effort of intellect to utter a falsehood than to advance a truth.

Better the enmity of those who assist than friendship of friends that does nothing avail.

Some one should preach a sermon on the bad taste of pursuing good taste too exclusively.

Faith, like any virtue, must have its test, and probably the reason for inexpressible evil.

In moments of decision there is danger of mistaking the exhaustion of long spiritual struggle for resignation to fate.

Let us help the fallen still, though they never pay us; and let us lend without exacting even the usury of gratitude.

He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled; he who does a mean act is by the action itself contracted and self degraded.

The philosopher's trouble is that while he can give fifty years to evaluating life impartially, life has spent several thousand years in shaping his pre-udices.

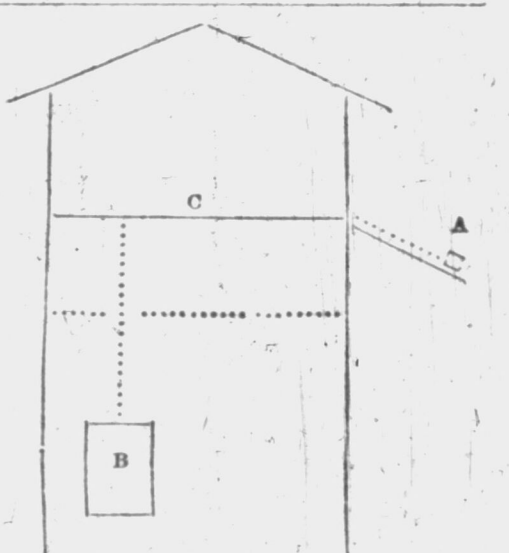
Socrates was esteemed the wisest man of his time because he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodness rather than greatness.

The true order of learning should be, first, what is necessary; second, what is useful; and third, what is ornamental. To reverse this arrangement, is like beginning to build at the top of the edifice.

We talk of immortality, but we even do not know yet what time is. Perhaps time has possibilities that dwarf immortality, and we are fooling ourselves with the poorer choice. Let us have the very best.

A Clover Canary Bird.

A down town cigar dealer has an educated bird in a cage in his window that attracts such crowds that a policeman has great trouble in keeping the sidewalk clear. The bird is a canary, and he has to work hard whenever he wants to eat or drink. The cage is something like this:



A is a cart containing seed, B a bucket of water, C the bird.

The little cart of seed is at the end of an inclined board. A string is attached to it, and the bird when he wants to eat has to draw the cart up to the cage. He takes the string in his beak, pulls it a little, and then places his foot on the string to hold it while he takes a fresh hold with his beak. This he repeats until he has the cart drawn up to the cage, when he eats all he wants to and then lets the cart run back. Very often when he has drawn the cart half way up the incline the string will slip, and the cart run back. It is very comical to watch the way the bird will look when this happens. A glass of water stands under the cage, in which is a bucket made out of a walnut shell, suspended at the end of a string. When the bird wants to drink he has to go through the same methods to draw the water up. The canary seems to thoroughly enjoy his work, and when he can eat or drink he does so with great relish.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Camphor Making.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled it is cut up into chips which are laid in a tub or a large iron pot partially filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub, steam slowly rises, and beating the chips generates oil and camphor. Of course, the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and the oil to pass the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer, which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs, and ready for market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and medical purposes.

Cow-boy's Hats.

The wide brimmed hats worn by cow-boys are, I am informed, made in Brooklyn. A manufacturer, who has been in the business since 1848, told me the other evening:

"Those hats that have become so well known in the East and in Europe since Buffalo Bill organized his great show are made right here in Brooklyn. They cost, wholesale, \$15 each, and will last three or four years. Only the best stock that can be bought is used, and the most expert workmen are employed in their manufacture. It would not pay to put valuable stock in the hands of any but the very best workmen, and so whenever I hear of an unusually good hand I send for him and make it worth his while to come to me, and in that way can always get a fair profit for my goods, because men all over the country know that I cannot afford to offer them an inferior article. You can buy a cow-boy hat for \$4 or \$5, but the first rain storm ruins it."—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

She Showed Her Mark—Must Pay for Her Spooning—Misunderstood His Classical Son, Etc.

"I cannot write," the maiden said, and blushing hung her pretty head.

"You cannot write," the justice cried—And gazing at her softly sighed.

And while he watched her tresses dark He added, "Give us then your mark."

"My mark?" in surprise murmured she; "Why, yes, your mark will have to see."

With motion born of native grace Her dress-sleeve quick she did displace;

And on her arm so round and stark, She showed her vaccination mark!

—*St. Louis Magazine.*

Must Pay for Her Spooning.

John—"Do you think you will always be as spoony on me after we are married, dearest?"

Maud—"Don't know, John. Depends upon how liberally you fork over."

Then followed a silence so thick that it could be cut with a butter knife.

—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

Misunderstood His Classical Son.

Bobby (proud of his progress in Latin)—"Pop, what's the Latin for people?"

Father—"I don't know."

Bobby (to dily—"Popul.")

Father (fiercely—"What do you mean, you young scamp? Lie, do! By the piper, lad, I've half a notion to baate you."

—*Binghamton Republican.*

Consistent With Father Profession.

Foggy—"His handling of the sculls was a sight to see."

Mrs. F—"Of whom are you speaking?"

F—"Of Jones, the oarsman, of course. Whom else should I mean, pray?"

Mrs. F—"Well, you might mean a phrenologist."

F—"Ethel, you're the bane of my existence."

Not Applicable in His Case.

"What a seeming trifle may save a man's life, Bromley! I read here that a half dollar in a man's waistcoat pocket turned the bullet aside."

"Such a trifle would never save my life, Darringer."

"Why wouldn't it?"

"Because you might perforate me with bullets and you'd never strike a half dollar."

—*Time.*

Life Worth Living.

Friend to very sick youth—"Charley, you must brace up and get well. I have some glorious news for you."

Sick youth (feebly—"What is it?"

Friend—"Our aunt Minerva told me personally that if you'd only try and get well, she would leave you a very dollar she's got in the world."

Sick youth (with more strength—"Is that so, Fred. Did you ask her how much she is worth?"

Heavy Expenses.

"My dear," said a Fifth avenue millionaire, "isn't this rather an expensive supper?"

"Expensive, John," replied the wife, "it consists of nothing but cold roast lamb and a salad. Why Marie prepared the supper herself."

"Yes," he said, sarcastically, "and there's \$5.00 cook down stairs doing nothing. You must keep him busy, my dear, or we won't get our money back."

—*Epoch.*

An Embarrassing Situation.

In a shy, embarrassed way he began: "Would you, Miss Clara—or—er—could you—or, that is to say—h-m—this is really distressing, it is all so new to me—er—I was going to remark, Miss Clara—"

"Oh, don't be embarrassed, Mr. Gusty," said the girl, with modest encouragement; "pray go on—"

"Would you," he blurted out, "be good enough to lend me a nickel to get back home with?"

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Westward Ho.

"Do you think," said Mrs. Killin, of San Francisco, "that my daughter is sufficiently intelligent to enter your seminary?"

"I am sorry to say, madam," replied the Boston teacher, "that your daughter doesn't even know the difference between a common and a proper noun."

"She don't. Well, have her taught straight off! I don't want anything common about her. She must use only proper nouns in her speech."

—*Time.*

The Little Store Around the Corner.

Young Wife (passing big confectionery store)—"Isn't this the place where you used to buy that delicious candy?"

Young Husband—"Y—o—s, my dear; but the store is always overcrowded, and we may have to wait. I know a place around the corner where we can get served at once."

"How much did you have to pay for the candy you used to bring me, dear?"

"It was two dollars a pound, but around the corner we can get the same kind for twenty-five cents."

—*New York Weekly.*

The Firm Refused From Business.

Senior partner (to office boy)—"What makes the cashier so late this morning?"

"He's taken all the cash and gone to Montreal, sir."

"Where's the clerk?"

"He's shipped to Spain with all the silverware, sir."

"Well, where's my partner?"

"Gone to Europe with all the gold watches, sir."

"Good Heavens! Well, see here! as long as all the rest have gone, I'll take the diamonds and visit South America; and by the way, you can take that basket there, all with nickel watches, and cross over to Jersey."

—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

So Worried.

It was the night before the wedding, and he was bidding her good night, and softly whispered:

"To-morrow, my darling, we begin our journey as bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life together; hand in hand will we journey a own life's rugged road. We shall want to set out with a glorious equipment of faith and hope

and courage, that neither of us may faint and fall by the wayside before the journey is ended; will we not, darling?"

"I—oh, yes, to be sure; only I really am so worried about the train of my dress. It didn't hang 'one bit nice to-day when I tried the dress on, and I'd die with mortification if it hung so at the wedding to-morrow. Go on with what you were saying, dear."

—*Puck.*

A Court Anecdote.

Court anecdotes have become quite popular. The reminiscent editor of the Boston Transcript says: There used to be in practice, in one of the southern cities of Massachusetts, a well known lawyer, who had a considerable degree of success at the bar, in spite of an infirmity of speech that he never could get rid of.

His stuttering appeals in behalf of his clients were sometimes fearful and wonderful deliverances, oratorically, but his opponents used to say that they really gained in effectiveness from his stuttering, because the jury not only sympathized with him, but had time to take in and digest all his points.

One day he appeared in a Bristol County court room before Judge Pitman and a jury to defend a very tough looking citizen who had been arrested on a charge of selling liquor without a license. The man had a bad reputation and a bad face; whisky had been found on his premises, and if ever a man was convicted before he was tried it seemed to be this one.

But his stuttering lawyer was equal to the emergency. He cross questioned the policeman who made the seizure.

"You s-s-say you found li-li-liquor in this man's house?"

"Y-yes."

"W-w-w-hat kind of liquor w-w-was it?"

"Whisky."

"I-m. Now, h-h-how much w-h-h-isky did you f-f-f find?"

"About half a pint, sir."

"H-h-h half a pint; yes. Now, g-g-g-gentlemen of the j-j-jury, I want you to take a good l-l-l long look at my c-c-c c-l-i-l-i-n-t."

The jury took a good long look at him. He wasn't a very pleasant sight to see. His nose was a sort of purple vermilion and considerably exaggerated in its proportions at that; his brows were low and shaggy and his eyes bleared.

"Now, g-g-g-gentlemen of the j-j-j-jury, the lawyer went on, "I want you to t-t-tell me if my c-c-c c-l-i-l-l-ent looks like a man that would s-s-s-sell a half pint of whisky if it was all he had in the house."

The jury acquitted the man without leaving their seats.

Dogs That Learn Trades.

The dog corps, long since established in the French army, has been recently much increased, so efficient have these little soldiers become. At an early stage of the trials they gave satisfaction as advanced posts, scouting, or hearing a stranger approaching even in the darkness, and quickly learning the difference between a friendly and a foreign uniform.

The latest trick—the military dog has learned is that of carrying despatches between distant sections of an army or reliefs or reinforcements presumably advancing through hostile country. The system is an offshoot of the dog smuggling system, which is described in the current number of *Black and White*, and the steps by which the animals are taught to understand what is wanted of them are best shown by reference to that article.

The smuggler in broad day walks across the frontier, his dog by his side, leaving the latter at the house of his accomplice and returning without him. When night falls the dog is given a beating and turned loose to find his way home. Next he has a small packet fastened to his collar, and gradually the burden is increased. Then half a dozen or more are employed at the same time; the most intelligent being given no burden, that he may the more readily act as a scout for the others. He goes ahead, they keeping well back, till he gives them the signal that the coast is clear. The customs dog from his earliest years is made to play hide and seek with bags of coffee, rolls of lace, packages of tobacco, and the like. They do not bark, being taught to sit silently in ambush and give a low growl or simply cough up their ears and point the true direction of the advancing pack.

The French army dogs, mastiffs, like the smugglers' dogs, though first they must be taken from point to point to find them again, when they get to understand the idea, and what is wanted of them, will find a distant column or command with little difficulty if given the general direction, unless it be at too great a distance, and carry messages to and fro with commendable zeal.

—*Scientific American.*

Nationality in Bears.

An observant man who has been examining a collection of faces representing a large number of public personages arrived at the following general conclusions in regard to national types in the cutting of the beard:

"The simple moustache, with the rest of the face clean shaven, is the prevailing American type," he said. "The old Yankee chin whisker, like that of the traditional Uncle Sam, is no longer the national cut."

"In the same way the old French type of the imperial, or heavy moustache and long goatee, has given way in France to the present type of a close cut full beard, trimmed to double points on the chin."

"The German and Russian types are heavy, full beards, started at the middle of the chin."

"The English type is a small, short-cropped moustache, with small, square side growths."

"The general South European style of Spain or Italy is either an entirely clean shaven face or else a very small moustache and goatee close about the mouth."

The Butter-Making Record.

The largest amount of butter made in one week from one cow is 22.07 pounds. This was from the famous cow Eucrota. Bomba comes next with 21.111, and Valma Hoffman with an even twenty-one pounds. In 1883 the *Broad's Gazette* published the names of forty cows whose record was fourteen pounds and over. But under ordinary conditions a cow that will yield eight to ten pounds of butter per week at the best season may be considered a very good one and deserving the best of care.

—*New York Sun.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Man is ninety per cent. water.

The waltz has entered upon its 102d season.

A spring of natural cologne has broken forth in Algiers.

A meteoric stone which lately fell in Russia contained several diamonds.

The first settlement of the English in Bengal and British India was at Calcutta in 1691.

Mrs. Sarah Barnett, of Lafayette, Va., took to her bed forty years ago and has not left it since.

An artesian well at Tripoli, Iowa, spouts water twelve feet above the surface of the ground.

In the year 1649 persons who feasted or were idle on Christmas Day in Massachusetts were fined five shillings.

Some of the handsomest shops in Paris are now devoted to the sale of Japanese wares, and are wholly conducted by Japs.

There is not a blonde clerk in Jay Gould's employ, and it is said that he dislikes to do business with men with fair hair.

A porker in Otoe County, Neb., emerged from an attack of cholera with its bristles, formerly black, a very pronounced gray.

The mummified remains of Santa Tonga, or "Big Heart," one of the old chiefs of the Utes, are in a cave near Fort Casar, in Wyoming.

A Hindoo god, over a thousand years old, largely composed of gold and precious stones, was sold at auction the other day in London, for \$12,450.

Steel pens were not so called from the material used in manufacture, but from the name of the first manufacturer, a Mr. Steele, who began business in England in 1803.

A law in Prussia provides that any person carrying a stick or an umbrella in such a way as to be dangerous to other travelers may be punished by fine or imprisonment.

Word comes from Wheeling, W. Va., that a live bat has been found there imbedded in solid rock in a crevice just big enough to contain it and utterly shut away from the outside world.

Only four gowns of American silk have ever been made. Of these Mrs. Garfield was given one. Mrs. Tom Thumb bought another, and Mrs. J. T. Higgins of Middleboro, Mass., is now having one made from material furnished by silk worms of her own raising.

Red pepper is obtained from a sort of capsicum, and sometimes called chilies, the seed of which is the most pungent, and is ground up fine with the skins. It comes from Cayenne, and other parts of Africa. The plant can be grown about the same as our peppers, and is sometimes grown with them.

A new sect has been formed at Monaco, France, called the "Brotherhood of the Sons of God." It resembles in some features the Essenes, its members abstaining from tobacco, flesh, intoxicants, and favoring an ascetic life. Its symbol is a cross; its badge a red, green and purple ribbon; its missionary language Volapuk.

Ver, the hermit fisherman, who lived a lonely life near Stonington, Conn., has amassed a fortune of \$20,000 from an annual income of from \$500 to \$600, which he has made from his fishing boat during the past forty years. He started with a capital of \$50, which he invested in a dory, and his annual expenses, food and all, have rarely been more than \$25.

A black loon was shot in Washoe Lake, Cal., recently. Such a bird had never been seen there before, and it is supposed to have been driven out of its course by a storm while migrating south from the Arctic regions. The bird measured eight feet six inches from tip of its expanded wings, and six feet and three inches from the point of its bill to the end of its tail. The bill was nearly a foot in length.

The tallest building used for dwelling purposes in New York city is the one known as the Osborne Flats, at Fifty-seventh street and Broadway, which is 171 feet in height; the Dakota Flats, Eighth avenue and Seventy-second street, 155 feet; Aurora Flats, Fifty-ninth street, 120 feet east of Sixth avenue, 155 feet; Navarro Flats, Seventh avenue and Fifty-ninth street, 142 feet. The measurement is from the curb level to roof.

The Ownership of Photographs.

Mr. Justice North's photograph decision recently rendered in London disposes once for all, it may be hoped, of the popular fallacy respecting property in private photographs. Sundry unscrupulous photographers have claimed the right to sell and exhibit photographs of their customers against their will, and although they had been paid for taking them. Efforts to prevent this have been met in the past by legal opinions affirming the legal right of a photographer to do what he liked with negatives, which confessedly remained his property. The court has now blown this contention to the winds. "The photographer," said Mr. Justice North, "is wholly in the wrong," and he peremptorily enjoined him against both exhibition and sale. The negative belongs to the photographer; the copyright belongs to the person photographed.

—*New York Tribune.*

Antiquity of the Reaper.

The first reaper of which we have a description was one used in Gaul, and described by Pliny, about A. D. 70. In the fourth century Palladius gives a good description of a heading machine, something similar to those now in use in California. This header had a row of sharp teeth at the front edge, and the heads were torn off, and not cut as in modern machines. This machine has now been reinvented, and it is used for gathering clover seed. A little or no change was made in the earlier reapers and mowers until the present century, and most of those made prior to 1850 were heavy and cumbersome; consequently they were not generally popular. The Hussey and McCormick's were the earliest of the successful reapers, and very soon thereafter the light running American machines advanced to the front, and have retained in the lead up to the present time.

—*New York Sun.*

THE MORMON AT SERVICE.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES AT THE SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE.

The Big Edifice Described—A Mixed Congregation—A Bishop Expounds the Mormon Faith.

In the west central part of Salt Lake City stands a plain elliptical structure 250 feet long, 150 wide and 50 high. Its roof is oval form and is self supporting arch whose bents rest on forty-four sandstone pillars, each varying from fourteen to twenty feet in height. The building was begun in 1861 and completed three years later. It is the Mormon tabernacle. The church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints of Zion and vicinity worship here every afternoon.

The interior is no less remarkable than the people who built it. In the rear on a platform is an organ whose front towers have an altitude of fifty-eight feet. It is thirty-eight feet by thirty. The bellows are supplied with air by water power. This organ has fifty-seven stops and 2648 pipes, ranging in length from two to thirty-two feet; it is operated by eight couplers and the same number of pedals.

To the right of the instrument sit the female members of the choir, to the left, the male. Between the organ and the pulpit is a mounted harp. The pulpit seems as if it were a flight of three steps descending to the ground floor. The first flight or stand is the seat of the prophet and president of the Mormon church. This office is vacant at present. Willford Woodruff is prophet pro tempore.

The second stand is occupied by the twelve apostles, and the third or west, by the presidents of the high priests of seventy. To the south—the Mormons designate position in their sanctuaries by the cardinal points of the compass—of these dignitaries sit numerous elders and seventy high priests to the north, the bishops and the counselors. This corps of ecclesiastics is separated from the audience by railings, except where the pulpit makes a descent. On the ends of the railings repose two huge lions. Ten feet above the railings is the gallery, which runs around the building in a horseshoe curve, and on its lower edge are three hundred gas jets, studded with porcelain globes. The ceiling is concave and hung with decorations that were placed there thirty years ago in commemoration of a Sunday-school jubilee. The auditorium makes a gradual ascent from the pulpit.

It is two o'clock. A gentleman seats himself at the organ and plays a voluntary. We survey the audience. Every State and Territory is represented. All nations of Europe have sons and daughters present. The Ethiopian with his smiling countenance adds his presence. A few forlorn Indians sit among the conquerors of their race. Even poor despised John Chinaman is not absent. The voluntary is finished. One of the twelve apostles announces a hymn. The congregation, with the choir, rise and sing. While this takes place, nine elders are seen behind the communion table, busily breaking bread. The congregation is seated. Prayer and preaching. A priest offers a prayer. He implores the Father to bless all assembled, especially the Latter Day Saints. They must keep unsullied the revelations of the ancient prophets, as well as those of the modern prophet, Joseph Smith. God has favored them with the true light, hence they must be more vigilant than the Gentiles. May the outside world soon discover that salvation is only within the pale of the persecuted Mormon church. He winds up with an emphatic "Amen," which is heartily responded to by the members. During the invocation the saints are slightly bowed in reverence; the Gentiles are in an attitude as if witnessing an opera. Another hymn is sung. The congregation remains seated. An elder at the communion table asks a blessing on the bread, which is then distributed in silver baskets among the faithful. The Mormons commune on every Sabbath. While the bread is being passed a bishop resembling a ward politician arises and states that the lot has fallen upon him to address this people. "The most important duty of a servant of Jehovah is to feed the bread of life to his flock. The prophet, Joseph Smith, commanded that no one should speak unless the spirit of God was stirring him up. We cannot but here to listen to rhetorical phrases, but we are assembled to hear those revelations from the other world, with which we are in constant communication. In olden times the Lord spoke to his people through his prophets. The spirit of prophecy lay dormant for 1800 years, then an angel appeared to Smith, and gave him the keys to institute the restoration of the tribes of Israel. We have gathered together under the conviction that we are these tribes. Abraham settled in a new country; so have the Latter Day Saints. The geography of our land corresponds to that of Palestine. This is the kingdom of God. Christ will reign here personally among His people. There are numerous signs that Christ will soon make His second advent."

Here he read from the Mormon Bible and a part of St. Matthew xxiv., to corroborate his assertion. The only difference he could see between the two prophecies was that Smith's was clearer than Christ's.

This ends the first part of the sermon. The elders have by this time supplied each member with bread. A blessing is pronounced on the water—the Mormons generally use water instead of wine. The water is passed in silver chalices. The bishop resumes, but makes war in another direction. God and Lucifer could not agree as to the peopling of this earth, and a rebellion was the result. One-third of the heavenly hosts joined their fortunes with Lucifer. God conquered this prince of devils with his confederacy, and they were thrust out of heaven. These spirits now permeate the earth, but work mischief where the true Gospel is not preached. Whatever credit is attached to any act as being the glory of man, is the work of the Lucifer. Behind the apple we find Newton, the god of revelation. Was it Newton? The Gentiles answer "yes." The Latter Day Saints say "God." The mission of Israel is spiritual, the mission of the Gentiles is temporal. The Gentiles are building railroads, steamships, and beautifying the earth in general. The Saints are purifying souls

for eternity. Our blood has commingled with the Gentiles. Israel's blood lifts us to God. The Gentile blood in our veins draws us to earth. To-day some Latter Day Saints, instead of being in the house of God, are pursuing their own pleasures. A few of these are of parents that rank high in the church. A fallen Latter Day Saint is worse than a Gentile. The apostates of our faith sink down to hell. He closes with "Amen," which is repeated in concert by the Saints. The benediction, which consists of a prayer, is offered. It is now 4 o'clock. The organist plays a voluntary, and 6000 people, half the capacity of the tabernacle, make their exit through twenty doors, each nine feet wide.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Court Reconsidered.

Texas in 1837 had no jails, and had just cut loose from Mexico, and there were but three modes of punishment, small whipping, large whipping and branding for minor crimes. For murder, horse stealing and forgery—death. I was a soldier in General Houston's army and recall one instance of horse stealing, where the guilty party was permitted to escape. It was in Montgomery County in 1847. The man was tried, found guilty, put upon the horse he had stolen, his legs tied under the horse and he was led out to the edge of the timber by some twenty or more of the members of the "court," all mounted and armed. Arriving at the end of the timber, all dismounted, except the prisoner, and setting their rifles against the side of a log, commenced looking around for a suitable gallows tree. One of the party discovered, some 100 yards out in the prairie, such a tree with a large limb growing at right angles to the trunk, some twenty feet from the ground. He remarked that the Lord had planted it there to hang our horse thief on. Agreed, and the whole party walked, leaving guns and horses behind, leading the condemned man still tied to the horse. It was found hard to climb the tree. The discoverer of it asked for a "boost." Being a large, fat man, it took all that could get around him to give the boost, but they did it, and he climbed to the limb. One end of the rope was around the prisoner's neck, to get the other end fast to the limb was the task set for the man up the tree. After several throws he caught the rope, but the limb was so large that it could not be easily brought around to hand, and unless the end was caught under the rope could not be tied. The big man, lying on his breast, holding the main part of the rope in one hand, with the other tried to throw under the limb, but every time failed to catch the end. The committeemen below all had their eyes on him, looking up. The prisoner at the other end of the rope was struck by an idea. There was life and liberty in it. He drove his heels against the horse's sides. Luckily he had stolen a good fast horse—and in a flash away went horse and rider, and in the alarm of the outcry the fat man up the tree missed his hold and fell to the ground, badly hurt of course. The fugitive went flying over the prairie, the rope streaming behind his neck. The vigilance party's guns and horses were 100 yards off. After the excitement was over a meeting of the court was held, to reconsider the matter of nature having planted that particular tree to hang that particular man upon, and it was unanimously carried that it was not.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Alphabetical Fare.

"Have you got anything here beginning with 'k' that's good to eat?" inquired a new customer at a well-known local delicatessen market last Tuesday.

"Now will pickled kidneys answer?" replied the clerk, after a moment's thought.

"First rate. Give me a dozen cans. The kittens' life is saved," exclaimed the strange patron with enthusiasm. "I told my wife," he continued, "that if I failed to send home a kangaroo, dead or alive, before 2 o'clock, I should expect to find the kittens served up for supper in the latest Chicago style. But your happy thought saves her. You see we all got tired of eating the same things day after day, and so last month we agreed that during this month we would eat up (or rather down) the alphabet, taking one letter a day, with bread, potatoes, tea, and coffee thrown in as staples. So on the 1st we inaugurated the dietary system with a bill of fare consisting of apples in many forms, apricots pickled, asparagus, almonds and the staples. The next day's menu was beef, beans, biscuits, butter milk, clams, celery, cucumbers (3 cents each), crabs, cheese, cake, crackers, crullers, carrots, canned currants, canned cherries, citron, cider, catsup and candy. And it has gone on. The fifth day would have been a fast day had it not been for eggs, but we made an Easter of it. Yesterday we dined, breakfasted and supped this way on jollies. To-day your kidney suggestion saves us from starvation, while to-morrow we will grow fat on liver, lamb, lobster, lettuce, etc. A queer thing about our new food departure is the number of things it has led us to put in our mouths which we never thought of before."

—*Buffalo Express.*

A Mysterious Iron-Clad Room.

In addition to the other improvements which are being made by the Chinese, in their section of the city is one particularly to be noticed on the southeast corner of Washington street and Waverly place. This building is constructed of brick and iron, and from its exterior appearance adds much to the dignity of Chinese structures. But this is not all that is peculiar about this building. In one room, the entry to which is on Waverly place, the walls are lined with one-eighth-inch sheet iron. The street door is also covered with the same material, which is bolted and riveted through three-inch blocks, the whole making a formidable barricade against the entry of thieves, police or other persons having no business with the occupants. In addition to all this the vestibule on both sides, as also that portion over the entrance, is lined and bolted with the same substantial metal. The interior of the room is fitted up with concealed trap doors in the floor, and there are several neatly finished and concealed openings in one of the walls about large enough to permit a man to pass through. To what purpose this building is to be devoted is not made public.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Red continues in high favor. Black silk dresses are very fashionable.

During 1888 188 patents were issued to women.

A Wisconsin lady regained her lost voice at a bargain counter.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the novelist, is seventy-seven.

The Woman's Press Club, of Cincinnati, has thirteen members.

Tea chewing is the new fashionable and dangerous feminine habit.

Lebanon, Ky., claims the "oldest woman;" she is said to be 121.

Tan of different shades is still the reigning color for evening gloves.

Long scarfs of colored lace are worn around the throat in place of a boa.

Syrian velvet in two tones, like shot silk, is made up with faille and Victoria silk.

One of the leading art clubs in Vienna shelters twenty-five American lady students.

A jacket lined with squirrel fur is one of the late inventions of the London tailors.

Some of the very newest umbrellas have handles of Mexican onyx in various designs.

Mrs. Belle M. Spurr has been re-elected School Superintendent of Barnes County, Dakota.

Pink lining for carriages is the latest "fad." It gives the occupants a rosy

Arlington Advocate

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ADVERTISING RATES.	
Reading Notices, per line,	75 cents
Special Notices,	15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line,	10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line,	8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.	

The License Vote.

On Tuesday the Secretary of State sent to the Legislature a tabulated statement of the votes in the cities and towns of Massachusetts on the liquor license question cast during the years 1885-8, by which it appears that a no-license majority of about 9,000 in 1885 has been changed to a license majority of over 18,000 the past year. In discussing the report the Boston Journal says:—

"But because a greater number of citizens last year voted in favor of license than a year or two before, and a greater number of towns and cities determined to license the sale of liquor within their borders, it by no means necessarily follows that the genuine temperance sentiment of the Commonwealth is weakening. Our license laws have each year been fortified and improved at the hands of a Republican Legislature, and have commended themselves in their practical operations to an increasing number of firm temperance adherents in some of our large cities. Then the indifferent enforcement of no-license in certain communities has influenced a portion of the temperance voters to prefer to try the experiment of license. Much of the increase of the license vote at the recent town and municipal elections is probably due to a disposition to give the new license provisions of the laws, which go into effect next spring, a fair and thorough trial. These and other considerations, we think, make it obvious that the growth of the license strength is no indication that the anti-saloon sentiment of our citizens is any less general or positive. These license statistics are of interest and value as bearing on the question of constitutional prohibition which is soon to be submitted to the people."

The friends of temperance and enemies of the open saloon have certainly one lesson to learn from the facts noted above, and that is the old one that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." The liquor interests are united to a man and tireless in their defence of their business, or their aggressiveness upon any weakening point of attack upon them. Appetite on the one hand and easy and large gains on the other are all the incentives they require to maintain a perfect organization, and nothing but continued self-sacrifice and an ever present purpose that the right shall ultimately prevail will make any rapid advance until the generation now coming forward, already well instructed and thoroughly right on this question, join the ranks of the voters of this state. We of to-day will do well if we hold the ground, with occasional advances, until that time arrives. For this cause we shall deplore the enactment of constitutional prohibition if it result in the loss of the educational advantages which come each year with the discussion of the question prior to taking a vote in every community on the question of granting licenses for the sale of liquor.

On Tuesday the tariff bill introduced in the U. S. Senate as a substitute for the Mills bill received from the House of Representatives, passed the Senate by a strict party vote, none of the protection Democrats having the courage to break away from party fealty and vote their honest conviction (as outlined in recent speeches) as to the merits of the bill, which passed the Senate with most of the chief features unchanged. It is a good bill, an honest, thorough-going protection measure, which commands the loyal support of all believers in the American system. It revises the tariff, preserving and strengthening its protective principles, and reduces the revenues, thus fulfilling the pledge of the Republican party. It is the exact opposite of the Mills bill, and as such can hardly expect the favor of a Democratic House, but the Republican Congressmen should push it forward as far as possible. If the bill is hung up in committees, and no reduction of the surplus is accomplished at this session, the Democrats must take the responsibility for it.

John P. Squire & Co., owners of the immense pork establishment at Cambridge and Boston, charge before the Interstate commerce commission that the Boston & Albany R. R. and its connecting lines at Chicago, have discriminated against them for \$75,000 in the past year, and that such discrimination, if continued, will ruin their business. They state that their business aggregates from \$13,000,000 to \$15,000,000 yearly, that they employ 1000 persons and pay the off-loading railroad \$5,000 annually, and that the Albany road delivers to them weekly about 175 carloads of hogs.

The expenditures of the city of Boston for educational purposes are two-thirds larger than the amount spent for the same purpose in the entire state of South Carolina.

CURRENT TOPICS.

••The Mass. Press Association will hold its annual winter reunion in Boston about the middle of next month.

••Messrs. Booth and Barrett have commenced an engagement at the Boston Theatre, opening with Shakespeare's "Othello."

••Charles J. Brooks, a Boston lawyer and a member of the Common Council of that city, committed suicide at Young's Hotel, Monday evening. Financial difficulties led to the rash act.

••Senator Brown of Georgia, in his speech in the course of the tariff debate the other day, avowed himself a protectionist, and argued that a protective tariff was especially beneficial to the South.

••The storm of last Sunday night called for more self-sacrificing labors along our sea coast and the Hull life savers did another great day's work. By their efforts 13 men were rescued from drowning. The Hull life-savers are an ornament to their state and their country.

••The manager of Pach's photograph studio next to Beck Hall, is one of the most genial and uniformly courteous men it has been our pleasure to meet, and we believe that that fact, fully as much as his skill as a photographer, gives Mr. Tupper the signal success he achieves and maintains at his Cambridge studio.

••The Medford Mercury is indignant because the people of West Medford are not content with previous defeats of their efforts for a separate township. The Mercury, and the citizens of the old town generally, fail to appreciate the firm purpose of the villagers to secure what they consider their rights. Ultimately they will succeed and in a short time afterwards both sections will realize that a real benefit has come to each by the separation.

••Since affairs at Samoa have taken so serious a turn, even the British government, which not long ago ostentatiously announced that they had no special interest in maintaining their treaty rights, have come to the conclusion that the defiant attitude of Germany cannot consistently be overlooked. Accordingly the United States naval vessels now at Apia or on their way thither will probably be reinforced by a portion of the British squadron in the Pacific. Doubtless this combined demonstration will bring to their senses the German officials who have so insolently disregarded international amity in their interference with Samoan affairs.

••In the State Senate on Monday, Pres. Hartwell read the following communication from Hon. Geo. F. Hoar in acknowledgement of the action of that body last week. It was dated Jan. 18, '89, and said:—

"Will you kindly convey to the members of the illustrious chamber over which you preside my profound sense of the honor it has lately done me by its vote. The Senate of Massachusetts has had a distinguished place in the history of constitutional liberty for more than a century. Any token of confidence which the Commonwealth confers is doubly precious as coming through its hands.

Trusting that I may be able to preserve the kindly regard of my associates in the service of our beloved State, I am, faithfully yours,
GEORGE F. HOAR.

••Monday evening, Jan. 28th, that charming actress, Miss Rose Coghlan, will commence a week's engagement at the Globe Theatre, Boston, appearing every evening and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The Providence Despatch says:—

"Mr. Charles F. Coghlan's latest contribution to dramatic literature will go down to posterity as one of the great dramas of this decade. It is called 'Jocelyn,' and was produced at the Providence Opera House last night by Rose Coghlan, the author's sister, who had the support of a company of unexceptional merit. As 'Jocelyn' Miss Coghlan has made the great success of her wonderfully successful career. Of all the parts in which she has appeared in this country there is not one in which she has been seen to such advantage. Her consummate knowledge of her art and her rare natural gifts shine with marvellous brilliancy. She reaches an intense pitch of pathos without an effort, and the sublimity of her sympathetic work goes straight to the heart."

Peoples' Column.

This column is open to any and all who desire to address our readers.

WE WILL NOT, under any circumstances, print communications that come to us unsigned. A letter speaking pleasantly of the management of the Arlington Public Library, came to hand this week, but the writer failed to give name, consequently it is laid aside.—[Ed.]

MR. EDITOR:—Where was the snow plow last Monday morning? The walks on Pleasant street, Arlington, were not cleared until after school time, and most of the business men had ploughed through the snow to reach the trains for Boston.

We feel sure if there was any delay in making paths it was unavoidable.—[Ed.]

MR. EDITOR:—I was glad to read what your correspondent had to say last week about the nuisance created by children and youth at the post office. The police ought to be able to put a stop to it. I would suggest that the postmaster have made for the delivery window a solid shutter, to be closed immediately on the arrival of the mail bag and not removed under any circumstances until the last bit of mail matter arriving has been sorted and arranged for delivery. During this interval, loitering about the office, scuffling and loud talk, can be prevented by the police. A notice on the shutter should give the time at which letters, etc., will be ready for delivery.
B. H. HAWKINS.
Arlington, Jan. 24, 1889.

MR. EDITOR:—Providence is truly grateful in giving me the kind and sympathetic expressions of feeling by the town's people, and I wish, through the columns of your paper, to thank them, every one, for their words of comfort. They help me to bear the burden of disappointment and their words of hope and cheer help me to bravely face the future. I shall be always grateful.
MRS. F. L. HAWKINS.
Arlington, Jan. 24th, 1889.

—We have had a good tough of winter weather this week, but our large ponds freeze over slowly.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington Jan. 21st, 1889.

The Normandie promises to be as prominently associated with Washington politics of the next administration as are the Hoffman or the Fifth Avenue with the political affairs of New York. The old National no longer attracts the politicians save of the relic class, and Willard's is only a memory. The Normandie, to the infinite gratitude of its proprietor, rises to the occasion. When Mr. Blaine settled there for the winter, the new hotel's future was like-wisely settled. On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Morton came here for a few days and registered at the Normandie, where they were assigned rooms adjoining Mr. Blaine and near those of William Walter Phelps. Of course Mr. Morton's visit here has nothing to do with politics and he and the man from Maine will have no conferences.

There still remain people in this country who, despite the excellent advantages offered by our public schools for the study of history and politics, believe that James G. Blaine will not to any considerable extent control the next administration. There are people nearly related to other confiding individuals who assured each other of his political death after President Arthur's accession and who re-assured themselves of the same after the campaign of 1884. It is said of Wellington that he never knew when he was beaten. So with Blaine; he fights right through a defeat on to a victory. Warmly hated by a majority of the politicians of his own party, Blaine is their superior in two supreme qualifications. He has first, brains; second, popularity with the masses of his party, the people who do the work of life, who learn slowly and forget never. Good or bad, Mr. Blaine is the principal factor in the coming administration.

The passage of Mr. Springer's territorial bill by the House on Friday cannot be viewed as an unqualified Democratic victory. In fact the Republicans are scarcely less jubilant over the course legislation has taken. The delegations from both North and South Dakota, the latter including a large number of leading Democrats, who have been here urging the passage of the Senate bill to admit South Dakota and enable North Dakota to qualify, are mad all the way through. They claim not only a deliberate wrong to North Dakota, but also that South Dakota is left no nearer statehood than it was five years ago. The scene during the conclusion of the debate was remarkable for its noise and hilarity. The Republicans tried to drown the voice of Mr. Springer when he attempted to deliver a flowery conclusion and succeeded.

The President's reception to the diplomatic corps is always considered the most brilliant levee of the season, and the one last week proved no exception. The Judiciary, Congress, and the Army and Navy officials were invited to meet the diplomats. The display of time and gold lace was dazzling. The scene had one strange element. In the corridors, listening to the Marine Band's dreamy music and blinking at the diamonds and bare shoulders of the fair women, was a delegation of Ute Indians, whose native gravity and ready made clothes were alone sufficient to attract attention. Do you wonder at the movement to furnish the President with a private residence, to which he can sometimes retire? The White House has the delightful exclusiveness of a railway station.

Though General Swain may be retired, ostensibly on account of kidney affection, it is not likely that Commissioner Black will be Judge Advocate General. It appears that by decision of the Supreme Court the army regulations have the force of the law, and they provide that general officers shall be selected from the army. This being so, General Black has been seeking the position of chief law officer of the army, without sufficient knowledge of its government to know that he is ineligible to the appointment. A thirst for office is an amusing passion.

Oscar Wilde, who could be clever as well as cranky, said in 1883 that whatever the city of Washington might need in art, it required no more bronze soldiers. Hence Oscar would be pleased with the Carrara marble statue of Ben Franklin, unveiled and presented to the Capital this week by Mr. Stillson Hutchins, the publisher. The figure is by Flaxman, is eight feet and a half in height and follows in general the character of the same artist's figures of Franklin in New York and Philadelphia. With the sole exception of a bronze horror caricaturing Professor Henry and an equally misshapen metal mass charitably supposed to represent Martin Luther, this is the only out-door monument in this city to a man of purely civic character. Sensible Mr. Hutchins.

The establishment of a Department of Agriculture is now assured, and any person who desires to be secretary of said department should apply early. No civil service examination will be required and no advertisement for bids will be published. The salary will be reasonable but no promotion need be expected, as the business is easily learned.

Lexington is again honored by the appointment of one of her most prominent citizens to perform a service to the state. Hon. William A. Tower has been selected as the special commissioner to represent Massachusetts at the inauguration centennial celebrated in New York in April.

A WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. January 23th, 1889.
786 LA FAYETTE AVENUE.

A Colorado girl has a bran new idea, and is not only making it pay handsomely, but is doing a most beneficent work for suffering humanity. She failed as an artist, but has succeeded in designing artistic costumes for the deformed. Her patrons are women and children. Mothers send her their stoop-shouldered and hump-backed daughters. She also advises colors for difficult complexions and succeeds in making plain women attractive. There is plenty of room for such specialists. What a bright thought this is.

The "New York World" of Sunday, Jan. 13th, in its column "The Dongs of Women Folk," comments at length on the Shopping and Guide business established by Miss M. G. Anderson of Brooklyn. The "World" is always alive to everything original, and notwithstanding its opposition to woman as a voter, never fails to give her due credit when she seems to deserve it. "The one thing that New York has hitherto lacked," says this paper, to make it similar in all general respects to the great European capitals, is the presence of guides who could conduct strangers about the city, show them the churches and museums, and look after their comfort and welfare. This want is at last supplied, and by a woman." The article goes on to state in detail the services performed by this wide-awake and exceedingly clever woman and must furnish very interesting and helpful reading to those who need the services of a guide or a shopper, as well as the ladies who are seeking employment.

Prof. Loissette, whose wit is as keen as his memory is long, is said to have even more jokes "on tap" than Abraham Lincoln, and not a chestnut among them. Some of this gentleman's intimates declare that he makes them up on the spot, on account of the intellectual impossibility of having so great a fund to draw from. Prof. Loissette is guilty of laughing at his own jokes, but his face is so round and ruddy, his eyes so full of the spirit of mischief, that his hilarity only serves to sharpen the point of his stories. Prof. Loissette's lessons by correspondence have increased so wonderfully that there is scarcely a city of any size in the United States that has not its correspondence class and many of the large cities have several. The Professor has been busy for several weeks on a thorough revision of these "lesson papers," making them still more interesting, and Americanizing them, so to speak, in order that they may meet more fully the wants of all classes of our people. The beauty of this system is that one can learn as readily in this way as any other, lacking only the charm and magnetism of the teacher's presence.

Mr. Wedworth Wadsworth, one of our most honored and talented artists, held a brilliant reception at his studio in the Hotel St. George a few days ago. Mr. Wadsworth is one of the painters who woo nature with the love of the poet, and as I looked about on the walls and the easels it seemed to me that James Whitcomb Riley's poems—those sweet communings with the grass and trees—had been set to music. "What gorgeous tramps this man must have taken," said a friend who is fond of colored adjectives and who recognized her native New England meadows, "among the grand old Connecticut hills. He didn't sit in his studio and smoke and copy. He went where things were and when he got there he felt them enough to be faithful." Than this, nothing could be truer, and such work is very refreshing in these days of pretence and superficiality. Mr. Wadsworth's pictures are all so excellent and so satisfying that it would take a very keen critic to tell which are the most worthy of praise. "A September Afternoon" took me by storm. I had sat under those very apple trees hundreds of times. "In the Heart of the Woods" and "After the November Snow" were equally familiar and beautiful. But it is no use to go on. If I were asked to indicate the finest picture in this collection, I think I would close my eyes, turn around a few times, and then point at random.

The exhibition of rapid type-writing which took place at Packard's Business College the other evening, resulted in a victory for Miss M. E. Orr, who wrote on a Remington No. 2, 130 words correctly in sixty seconds, against 137 by Mr. McGarrin. Richard Clinton, the deaf, dumb and blind wonder of the Peet Institute, Washington, was present at this contest, and wrote several sentences correctly and swiftly that were dictated to him through the sense of touch. This was a very wonderful performance and provoked a great deal of applause. Mr. Packard spoke of the wonder of the machine used and wondered what the brokers, bankers and commercial people of the world would do if the type-writers should strike.

The creed which one must subscribe to in becoming a member of the Kindly Club, of which Mrs. Janet E. Ruutz Rees, of 19 East 16th St., N. Y., is the secretary, is as follows: "In becoming a member of the Kindly Club I desire to signify my intention of striving to obey the law of Kindness in thought, word and deed, of suppressing evil speaking, lying and slandering, and of living in the spirit of Brotherly Love." This society is very prosperous, and its object cannot fail to appeal very strongly to all those who desire to fulfil the law of charity—the charity that speaketh no ill. Whether the members are expelled who are found repeating derogatory remarks of each other or not, I do not know. The society has members in all parts of the world.

Ever since the establishment of my Literary Bureau, I have heard from far and near that magazine editors do not read the MSS. sent them. Writers tell me that they are prepared to prove these statements. They have lightly stuck leaves together and these leaves have not been opened. They have put bits of paper here and there, which the least movement would disturb, and there has been no disturbance. Consequently these writers are prepared to prove that our principal peri-

odicals are fraudulent in their dealings with their clients. These never was a greater mistake than this. It is undoubtedly true that many MSS. return to their owners in the same condition in which they left their hands. Let us take the Century magazine for an illustration. Doubtless two-thirds of the tons of matter which finds its way there, needs only a glance at the first page to prove its unfitness for that periodical. In a large percentage of cases the title is enough to condemn it for this particular use. Now, what obligation are the readers of a magazine under to scrutinize every page of a MS. that they know they cannot use? There is just so much space to be filled, and this space must be occupied with the matter which is in harmony with the purpose of the magazine, and the editors are the judges. The owner of a rejected MS. may honestly believe that his work is far superior to the matter generally accepted. This is an individual opinion to which he has a perfect right; but when, because of this opinion, he accuses editors of prejudice, favoritism, and unfair dealing, he becomes not only illogical, but unjust. Editors and publishers are just as glad to find something that they can use, as the authors are to find places for their MSS., and they are extremely careful to let nothing available escape them. Their occasional mistakes prove that they are mortal like the rest of us. That they make so few, shows how wise and careful they are.
ELEANOR KIRK.

Happy meeting of Two Friends.

John M. Allen, of Charlotte, N. Y., said to his friend, "Parsons, I am about dead with the Gravel, and cannot find help." Mr. Parsons induced Mr. Allen to give Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., a trial. Weeks went by and the friends met. Mr. Allen said, "Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has saved my life. It is a cure for Gravel,—the only cure."

The good old Vegetable Pulmonary Balm. Best known cure for Coughs, COLDS & CONSUMPTION. Genuine: Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston.

Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 22, Jesse Bacon, aged 61 years, 9 months, 22 days.
In Arlington, Jan. 21, Almira (2), wife of Isaac P. Woods, aged 53 years, 6 months, 5 days.
In Arlington, Jan. 20, Carl O. son of Anton and Christine Svenson, aged 3 years, 4 months.
In Lexington, Jan. 23, Charles W. Warren, aged 47 years, 5 months, 23 days.
In Lexington, Jan. 20, Mrs. Jane M. Rhodes, wife of Thomas H. Rhodes, aged 66 years, 11 months, 12 days.

Subscription renewals are now in order and will be gladly received.

DO YOU

Always, go there?" "Yes, always, in fact not only do I, but my whole family, and indeed all my friends." The above is a portion of a conversation carried on by two ladies in a street car. They were speaking of the best place to get Photographs taken, and the one addressed very wisely recommended the Studio of PACH BROTHERS, on Main Street, Cambridge, near Beck Hall, as the establishment to go to, saying as above, that they always went there.

E. WILLIAM TUPPER,
Manager and Photographer.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.
To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the estate of WILLIAM O'KEEFE, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased:

GREETING:
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Mary O'Keefe, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executor therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on her bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.
And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the LEXINGTON MINUTEMAN, printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court. Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.
To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other Persons interested in the Estate of HENRY MOTT, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased:

GREETING:
WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William H. Tuttle, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, the executor named in said instrument, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.
And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court. Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

C. M. HALL,
PLEASANT ST. Arlington,
DEALER IN
CHOICE FAMILY

Groceries

Flour, Butter, Cheese,

Fancy Groceries of all Varieties,

CANNED GOODS, ETC.

Special attention is called to the

WHITE ELEPHANT FLOUR,

The Best in the Market.

and as it is received direct from the Mill we are enabled to sell it at the

Lowest Boston Prices.

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Boots, Shoes, & Rubbers.

The largest and best

Stock ever shown in Ar-

lington.

Ladies fine Hand-sewed, Straight

Coat Walking Boots - - \$4.00.

Misses and Childrens Calf Fox School

Boots (New Line).

And every kind of Ladies', Misses', and

Children's the Market affords.

GENTS' GOODS

From the Heaviest Kip Boots to the

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In Full Stock.

BOYS' SHOES,

ALL GRADES.

Rubber Goods of every de-

scription in the Market.

MEN'S AND BOYS'

Ready Made Clothing, Over Coats,

Reefers, Ulsters,

Men's Rubber Coat Leather Jack-

ets, Oil Cloth Suits, Choice Set

of fine, all Wool Flannels.

Large Stock of Gloves, Hats and Caps,

New Lot.

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Everything for Men's and Boy's wear may be

found with us, and at the OLD CORNER STORE,

L. C. TYLER.

Agent for National Steam Laundry and Malden

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Are the BEST.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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Real Estate cared for, Rents collected and

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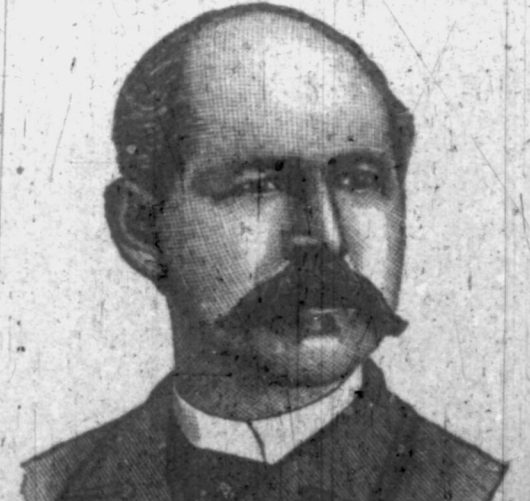
All orders sent to P. O. Box 190 will receive

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If any dealer says he has the W. L. Douglas

Shoes without name and price stamped on

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\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Best in the world. Examine his

\$3.00 GENTLEMAN'S HAND-SEWED SHOE.

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All made in Congress, Boston and Lowell.

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</

THE FARMER'S DECISION.

"Well, wife, I have studied it over, I've give it a good deal of thought, I've reckoned the costs and requirements, the trials which at ease will be fought; I've looked over the pages of trouble, and jotted the items all down. And at last I've decided we'd better be movin' off to town.

"I know the old place is a relic that we always intended to keep, and we shall, for we'll rent it to some one who knows how to plow and to reap. Yes, we'll rent the old homestead, not sell it, so you needn't begin with a frown. Then, after the thing is all settled, we will take our departure for town.

"This matter I long have considered, and now then I think it is best. That we rent out the lands and the houses, and seek this new Eden of rest. We must try to be up with the fashions—O, pshaw! we're not any too old. I'm sixty and you're about fifty, not a very big figure all told.

"I've purchased a house of a townsman, 'tis fully two good stories high. I got it at purty low figers, so I thought it would be best to buy. There's every convenience we're wantin' both inside the mansion and out. The whole thing was bought at a bargain, for I think I know'd what I's about.

"You see we can take up our quarters, and you, if good fortune attends, can put on your best new apparel and call on your fashionable friends; While I, with my latest-cut trousers, and you, with your new pin-back gown—Why, the papers are bound to take notice and say we're residin' in town.

"To be sure! we'll be ever so 'tany—I guess 't's the word that they use; They'll invite us to dinners and suppers, and be mad if we dare to refuse. We will rent a new church-pew and buy new books, and should the good people desire, Our assistance we'll lend to the callin', and send forth our notes in the choir."

So the farmer, good soul, found a tenant, a man that "could see to affairs." And he rented the premises safely and dropped agricultural cares. He drew up the rentable papers and copied them off in his book, and now that the business is settled, let's go into town for a look.

"Why, Solomon! what is the matter, is there anything out of the way? I've been thinkin' I'd tell you of somethin' and I guess I will do it to-day. You know I attended the social—they didn't give me an invite, and my feelin's were never so shatt'ed as they were on that very same night.

"I heard one proud feminine critter make different remarks bout my face, and one of 'em said how my speeces didn't fit in their natural place; I never did sleep with a grammar, so I tried to be perfectly cool, but I guess how I dared say it, I could do which of us was the fool."

And the farmer agreed with his helpmate, he'd a trial of a similar kind. He said it had badly hurt him, and was "br-yih" just now on his mind. And taking affairs altogether, combining the grammar and face, Why, he thought that "if Betsy was willin' they'd just move back on the place."

—*Courier-Journal.*

A BIBLIOMANIAC'S STORY.

BY NATHAN M. LEVY.

I have been all my life a lover of books. For years my father kept the only book store in the thriving town of D—, and there my love for first editions, black-letter copies, proofs before letter, and rare volumes was fostered. Before I arrived at that interesting period of existence, known as "twenty-one," bibliomania had become such an abiding passion with me that I forgot that I was intended for the law. I preferred Eoffin to Blackstone, tail-pieces to tenures, and a paper to legal-cap.

My father was not a hard-hearted man, but he was stern when thwarted, and when I made known to him my aversion to the law, he stormed and threatened. As a consequence, I left D— with my parents' best wishes and a few gold pieces which I had long preserved for a copy of Hogarth's *Hudibras*, of which I had read, there were but twelve copies printed. With what a pang I left the cherished volumes on my father's shelves the folio Shakespeare, the well-thumbed Odyssey, the illuminated Bible, and the rest! With what a pang, too, O Mary, I left thee at my mother's gate, with the best promises of fame and fortune I would soon place at thy feet! To this day I can see the tears swimming in thine eyes and feel the tremor in thine hands!

I arrived in the broad city of B—, and after much irritating search, engaged lodgings in a small street far from the busy hub of that new Babylon. I paced the avenues, peered into the shops, read the advertisements, and viewed with alarm the rapid disintegration of my gold pieces into silver, from silver into copper, from copper into air. My only consolation in these trying times was the rare old *Biddis* I possessed. I hugged it all the more now that my hopes of *Hudibras* had fled. With what torture I recalled the words, "twelve copies, large paper, 1744, 2 vols., with Dr. Gray's Annotations, and cuts by Hogarth." So impotent is all human desire, so vain all human wish!

In accord with that last resort of all desperate men, I set up as an author. I forgot my contempt for the *Theatricals* and the *Minerva Press*, and became a hack. Ehen, a man must live: I wrote poems, novels, sermons, political pamphlets and essays teeming with book lore. And thus with my *Biddis* and my pipe, a cheap affair, which, considering my loneliness, I admitted to a share of my affections, the days passed on.

My chief amusement in those days was to wander among the many book shops and book stalls of the city. If I could not call them mine, I could at least feast my hungry eyes upon the cheerful-looking volumes, as they held neighborly intercourse upon the shelves. Now and then a rare folio, a scarce edition, or an old print, would cause me to start

with the ardor of possession, and the bookseller (generally bent with age and with the appearance of a scholar) would eye me with suspicion. But after many visits (my poverty never allowed me to purchase), the proprietors learned to look upon me as a harmless bibliomaniac; often in the throes of ecstasy over some treasure, I would pour out my learning in a riotous wealth of language, causing their wonder and their admiration. It was thus I obtained the privileges of the many shops in B—.

It was while making my rounds one morning, that I picked up a small volume which appeared familiar to me. I knew its shape, its color and its history, for had I not myself parted with it only after profound misgivings? I opened it, and there in my familiar characters, was the inscription that I had placed there years before:

TO MISS MARY HEATHCOTE, From her Friend, Milton Cope.

It was a rare edition of the songs of George Herbert, and I had underscored the lines:

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul, Like season'd timber, never gives; But though the whole world turn to coal, Then chiefly lives."

O faithless womankind! I recalled those melting eyes, those trembling hands, and called myself a fool for treasuring a memory of the inconstant one. I went over with much force all the poetical anathemas which, from the beginning of time, have been hurled at woman. Nodoubt she had sold my gift, and it had strayed hither, to make food for the unfeeling eyes of a city multitude. I questioned the bookseller, but he knew nothing. I was too poor to purchase the volume, but begged him to put it aside until I could claim it.

It was now five years since I left the town of D—. I remembered that I had never written home, for I had a romantic notion that I would be famous within six months after my departure. I intended to announce myself to my parents and to Mary with a flourish of trumpets, filling the one with remorse and the other with pride. Then, after tears and reconciliation, I would be king of home and love, and—

That volume upset me. It made me angry, it made me sad. I had begun an article on Bibliology, but could not finish it. In the midst of a brown study I heard a knock at my door, followed by the curt announcement: "A lady to see you." The statement staggered me; it almost induced a fit of laughter. For five long years the only intercourse I had had with womankind was the monthly meeting with my landlady. But before I could control my astonishment, in stepped Mary Heathcote. Remembering the book, I greeted her with but moderate warmth, while the effusiveness of her "Milton!" bewildered me.

I was more than troubled. As I gazed upon her I could not believe she would practice deceit. She was taller, fairer, and more beautiful than when I left her, with a sweet, angelic look which stilled the rebellious words upon my tongue.

I gradually learned that my father was very ill at D—, that, he expressing an earnest desire to see me, my presence had been advertised for. That, obtaining no information, Mary, prompted by love, and thinking that because of the narrowness of my purse, I had sought the nearest large city, B—, started out bravely in search of me, with but a few dollars to guide her, and my treasured volume of songs to console her. Seeing her money fade away, and yet hopeful of meeting me, she reluctantly parted with my offering.

At this I started up and embraced my darling. How I cursed myself for my doubts! How I blamed myself for questioning one of the purest, noblest spirits that ever lived! I dried her tears with kisses, and told her how unworthy I, her son, was.

After then proceeded to relate how she found my address, knowing me to be a lover of books, she naturally inquired about me at the stalls. Before I had succeeded in getting some literary work to do, it seems that I had left my address at one of the booksellers in case he at any time should be in need of one well up in folios and fly-leaves.

And so with new joy in my heart, and accompanied by Mary, I bade good-bye to my landlady, who really seemed sorry to part with me. I approached the home I had not seen in five years with a tumultuous spirit. I remorse tinged my feelings, and when, shortly after, my father died, my sorrow knew no bounds.

To-day the only book store in the thriving town of D— is mine. Mary is at my side, and she has imbibed some of that insidious bibliomania which makes books the be-all and the end all. Every now and then, in reminiscent mood, we take out of its secluded nook a dainty volume upon whose fly-leaf is the inscription:

TO MISS MARY HEATHCOTE, From her Friend, Milton Cope.

I went to B— and purchased it immediately after my father's funeral. —*New York Journalist.*

Indigestibility of the Read.

That the mind, or "sk'n," of all fruit is more or less indigestible is a fact that should not be forgotten. We say all fruit, and the statement must be understood to include the pellicle of kernels and nuts of all kinds. The edible part of fruit is peculiarly delicate, and liable to rapid decomposition if exposed to the atmosphere; it is, therefore, a wise provision of nature to place a strong and impervious coating over it, as a protection against accident, and to prevent insect enemies from destroying the seed within. The skin of plums is wonderfully strong compared with the thickness, and resists the action of water and many solvents in a remarkable manner. If not thoroughly masticated before taken into the stomach, this skin is rarely, if ever, dissolved by the gastric juice. In some cases, pieces of it adhere to the coats of the stomach as wet paper clings to bodies, causing more or less disturbance or inconvenience. Raisins and dried currants are particularly troublesome in this way, and if not chopped up before cooking, should be thoroughly chewed before swallowing. If a dried currant passes into the stomach whole, it is never digested at all. —*Popular Science News.*

After a hard rain at the site of old Andersonville Prison it is easy to collect trinkets worn by Union soldiers who were confined in the prison. A dozen brass buttons and a belt clasp with the letters U. S. on it were picked up there the other day.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Putting Down Pork.

This is the season when most farmers' homes pork and beef are packed for use during the year. It requires some care to do this so as to certainly avoid loss. The bloody pieces, and all parts in which a particle of blood is attached, should be put one side for immediate use, by boiling for mince meat or used for sausage. Blood will cause the whole barrel to spoil and become worthless. Use plenty of salt. After the pieces have been in pickle two or three weeks take them out and rub them with salt-petre. This will harden the surface and prevent taking too much salt. If any scum rises on the brine boil it and skim off all that rises and then repack. —*American Cultivator.*

The Buffalo Moth.

One of the most destructive insects that exists is the buffalo moth. For a long time entomologists have been trying to find something that will destroy these little pests, but have been unsuccessful. One now says that gasoline, naphtha and benzene are equally efficacious. It is the grub of the moth that does the mischief. It measures a little less than an eighth of an inch in length. It is dark in color and slightly hairy, and has a bright line of red down the center of its body. It feeds on the pollen of various shrubs and is particularly found of spiraea. It is not wise to have a bush of this plant near the house. The beetle will fly from it into the house and lay its eggs in any woollen substance it can find, particularly in the edges of the carpets. It is a good thing for housekeepers to place camphor or pepper under the carpets and make it as disagreeable for the moths as they can. They will then very probably move to more welcome quarters. If those moths or beetles once get into a house it is very hard indeed to get them out again. —*M. and Express.*

Preparing Tripe at Home.

To prepare tripe, have the refuse emptied out and the stomach rinsed off in cold water, then with a sharp knife cut it up in pieces eight or twelve inches square. Have a tub or large kettle with six gallons of water, in which a quart of unslacked lime has been well stirred; if the lime has been air-slacked it will require twice the quantity. Throw the pieces of tripe into the solution and stir occasionally and let it stand in this ten or twelve hours; then take a piece of board and rest upon the edge of the tub or kettle, with one end in the water. With a sharp knife scrape off all the slime and colored secretions, which will come off very easily. As each piece is scraped clean throw it into a pail of clean water and rinse it so that no impurities remain on any part of it. Now put it into a large pan or jar, dissolve two table-spoonsful of baking soda in three gallons of water and pour over it and let it stand a day or two; then boil in fresh water until tender. Drain off and put into a crock and pour sharp vinegar with half a tea-cup of salt over it; let it stand a couple of days and it will be ready to use either fried, boiled or uncooked, and is very nice and palatable. The made of hardwood ash may be used in place of lime, and it will be just as clean and good, but will not look quite as nice as when cleaned with lime. —*New York World.*

Fat For Frying.

Just here let me tell thee how to prepare fat for frying that will not have the disagreeable taste or smell that lard has, neither will it be so expensive. Have thy butcher reserve it for thee, say about ten pounds at a time, of the best beef fat, and cut it up into small pieces. When it is brought into the kitchen, put it into a large pan, and cover it over with cold water, letting it stand a half hour or so, as convenient. Then take it out, putting it into a broad kettle over the stove to gradually try out. When done strain it off into pan with some cold water in the bottom. All impurities will settle in the water or on the cake of fat, and the next day it can be melted over and poured into jar for use. For frying I prefer deep fat for many things, also the kettles for that purpose, consisting of a double kettle, the lower one for the fat, with a side handle for allowing the upper one, which has holes in it, to be hung upon it, and so drain off all superfluous fat from the sticks fried. Have all pieces of fat from steaks or roasts of beef saved, tried out and strained. (Chicken fat as it is taken from the chickens before they are cooked, is very nice for making molasses gingerbread, and, by some, considered nice for shortcakes and biscuits. Mutton fat I know of no use for (as it is impossible to disguise the taste) except for chapped hands and the like, but all such scraps are good for soap grease, and that can be easily made and is very useful for cleaning purposes. Fat from sausage meat is good for trying potatoes, also for gingerbread. Just try it if thee feels disposed to doubt it. —*Housewife.*

Recipes.

SOUR CREAM PIE.—One cup sour cream, one cup of sugar, three eggs; use the white of one egg for frosting, and season with lemon.

SMALL POTATOES.—Take potatoes about the size of a marble, put them into a stew pan with plenty of butter and a good sprinkling of salt, cover, and shake occasionally until they are quite done, about an hour.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Three tea-cupfuls of flour, one of sugar, one of molasses, one of milk, quarter pound of butter, an even tea-spoonful of soda, two eggs, a large spoonful of ginger, put all together and beat till light, then bake one hour.

MANCHESTER SPONGE CAKE.—Beat the yolk of two eggs, with one cup of powdered sugar, add one tea-spoonful of lemon-extract, one cup of flour, one tea-spoonful of baking powder, the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff, lastly four table-spoonfuls of hot water.

MUSTARD RELISH.—Take one table-spoonful each of mustard and flour, one tea-spoonful of black pepper and salt, and two tea-spoonfuls of sugar. Moisten all with good vinegar. Have on the stove one pint of vinegar to come to a boil, then pour in the mixed ingredients. Let it boil and keep stirring, then pour it into a wide-mouthed bottle. When cool it's ready for use.

CRUMBS PUDDING.—One quart of sweet milk, one pint of bread crumbs, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, yolks of four eggs, butter size of an egg, flavor with

lemon; bake in a slow oven, when done spread over a layer of jelly, whip the whites of the eggs to a froth, add one cup of powdered sugar, pour over the jelly and bake a light brown. Serve cold.

FRICASSEED CHICKEN.—Wash and joint the chicken, place the pieces in a stewpan, skin side down, sprinkle salt and pepper on each, add one slice of lean pork to season it, and stew till tender; fry some pork strips brown, take the pork out and fry the chicken brown; arrange some slices of toasted light bread on a flat dish, placing a piece of chicken on each piece of bread. Thicken the liquor in which the chicken is stewed with flour and a spoonful of butter, let it boil up once or twice, and then pour over the chicken.

HUNTER'S OR SPICED BEEF.—To round weighing twenty-five pounds take three ounces of saltpeter, three ounces of coarsest sugar, one ounce of cloves, or nutmeg, one half ounce all-spice, one pint salt. Beat all into a fine powder. Allow the beef to hang three or four days, remove the bone, rub the spices well into the meat and continue to do every two or three days for two or three weeks. When to be dressed, dip it in cold water to take off the loose spice, bind it tightly and put it in a pan with a cupful of hot water, sprinkle the top with sugar cover it all over with a thin batter and bake five hours. When cold, remove paste and trim nicely, slice horizontally and serve.

A Stanley Reminiscence.

I remember on one occasion, when I was staying with Stanley at Leopoldville, Congo State, Africa, he invited me to accompany him on a cruise round Stanley Pool. He had arranged to meet an important chief named Ngantshu, on an island in that lake like expansion of the Congo. Ngantshu had hitherto been reported as decidedly hostile to Stanley's advance up river, but a meeting was arranged and Ngantshu had come down the river some 120 miles to see "Bula Matadi" and confer with him. He arrived escorted by a number of canoes and many followers and a show of state. Above all, he brought with him his ancestral fetish, a horrid-looking object made of a monkey's skull and red clay, studded with cowries and hung with little bells. This thing, to his mind and "bringing up," embodied the spirits of his departed ancestors, and must be treated with great consideration and respect. Libations of palm wine must be poured over its head when it is thirsty, and chewed up food spat into its mouth, when it was anhung red. The fetish was introduced deprecatingly to "Bula Matadi." Instead of doing as so many heedless explorers would have done—rudely laughing and saying "What nonsense! Ask him why he believes in such rot!" Stanley gravely sent for a camp chair and respectfully seated the fetish in it, so that Ngantshu's ancestors might be present at the conference, and when Ngantshu started palm wine over the beaded skull of the fetish and spat chewed up fish and manioc into its grinning mouth, Stanley, with a serious face, followed suit with weak claret-and-water and minced chicken. The result was that Ngantshu signed a treaty and was forever after Stanley's friend. No doubt, long since the Baptist missionaries crying the others of the Catholic mission established at the mouth of the Iwa have taught Ngantshu that his ancestral fetish is foolish and useless and dirty, and have gently persuaded him to put it away; but this result would not have been ascertained about it had Stanley, on his first acquaintance, commenced by deriding and flouting the savage's belief. That Stanley has constantly acquired the sympathy and respect of Africans those who have seen him at work can testify, and therefore it is that those who know him to be dead, for his decease, even in the heart of Africa—the death of "Stambee," "Standili," "Mzungu Mukuba," "Mundele Munene," "Bula Matadi"—would have made such a retentive among the natives that the noise and news of it would have reached our ears. —*Fortnightly Review.*

A Fortune in a Volcano.

Two years ago Mr. William Cooper left New York for the southern part of old Mexico with limited capital but untiring energy. To-day he has a fortune that will keep him the rest of his life in luxury. The fortune he found in a place where the average man would sooner expect to find cobwebs—the crater of an extinct volcano. Yet in that crater Mr. Cooper found a mass of Mexican mosaic agate such as scientists had never even imagined as existing, and better than that he found in New York a ready market for the agate he discovered in the old Mexican volcano, 450 feet below the mouth of the crater and about 11,000 feet above the sea level. Mr. Cooper tells the story of his long rides and searches for evidences of the agate he believed to be in existence; the Indian who found a piece, brought it to him and finally guided him to the volcano; his subsequent lease of the estate, the quarrying in the old crater and his efforts to establish means for the transportation of the agate from its bed to the nearest point of shipment 180 miles through the mountains of old Mexico. Those who have seen samples of the agate declare it to be the most beautiful natural production ever discovered. Its commercial value is undoubted, as a big New York firm has bought the entire output for something more than \$1,500,000, and will control the market. This firm has already sold a single mantle-piece of the agate for \$3500. Mr. Cooper will return to Mexico shortly, and while there will make close search for amber, which he believes to be deposited in large quantities in the vicinity of his agate mine. —*New York Graphic.*

The First Lightning-Rod.

If we are to believe an Austrian paper, the first lightning-rod was not constructed by Franklin, but by a monk of Seuffenberg, in Bohemia, named Prohpe Diwisch, who installed an apparatus the 15th of June, 1751, in the garden of the curate of Frenditz (Moravia). The apparatus was composed of a pole surmounted by an iron rod supporting twelve curved up branches, and terminating in as many metallic boxes filled with iron ore and closed by a boxwood cover, traversed by twenty-seven sharp iron points, which plunged at their base in the ore. All the system was united to the earth by a large chain.

The cobra plant of Himalays, belonging to the family Aroidee, so strikingly resembles a cobra with its head erect, that persons coming upon it unawares instinctively recoil with horror. The ball moon-shaped markings on the cobra's head and the lines on its neck are imitated in the flower sheath of the plant, while the tongue like elongation of the pistil and of the midrib of the flower sheath serve to increase the resemblance of the plant to a living animal.

The Cobra Plant.

An ordinary elephant produces 120 pounds of ivory.

PRISONED WITH A COBRA.

AN EAST INDIAN TRAVELER'S HORRIBLE FIGHT IN A PIT.

Slaying the Deadly Viper with a Hunting Knife—Then Narrowly Escaping Drowning.

A party of globe trotters were gathered around a table in a cozy corner in one of Gotham's best-known restaurants a few nights ago, exchanging bits of biographical adventure. Two or three stories had been recited when one of the younger members turned to a grizzled old fellow, whose bronzed and wrinkled face bore witness to long exposure to sun and weather, and said: "Pedes, won't you tell 'em that story about your experience in a tiger pit when you were in India?"

After a pause of sufficient length to arouse the curiosity and impatience of the group, the old fellow plunged into his tale much as he would have plunged into a jungle.

"I was hurrying along a slight track, when, bang, all at once, down I went into the concealed pit. The curious part of the affair was that I went plop straight down into a deep, dismal hole, and at the bottom landed right up to my waist in a deposit of tenacious, clayey mud. Regular 'pank' it was. In fact when I tried to struggle and free myself, I found I was held as firm as if I had been bedlimed. I shuddered as I noted the dismal surroundings. There were several great, gaunt-looking, yellowish-green frogs peering at me with curious eyes, and then, as I turned my head around a little, I made a discovery that made my very heart cease beating for a minute and sent every drop of blood in my body bounding back in my veins.

"There, right at a level with my face, its length half concealed in the crumbling sides of the pit, its head half expanded, its forked tongue quivering as it jerked it out and in, and its eyes glittering with a baleful glare, I saw a great cobra. I felt utterly helpless and despairing, and for a moment my heart whispered to me that my end had come. Then came a sort of nervous recklessness. I suppose it was 'the fury of despair' that we read about. I know I uttered a savage curse, and snatching my hand I met it hit the brute a smashing blow in the face, and then began a fight for life. It was a big, powerful snake. The blow had only maddened it, its hood expanded, its hissing filled the pit, and swaying and rearing its clammy length it launched full at my face.

"My gun was lying choked up with dirt and half buried in the 'pank,' but I had my hunting-knife with me, and while I parried the fierce darts of the infuriated brute with my helmet I made quick snatches at it whenever I could get a chance, and after a short, exciting struggle it succumbed, but with a sledge of my knife I nearly severed its head from its body. And then for a while—you may laugh at me or not, as you will—it was a blank. I must have fainted.

"The weary hours dragged along. It was intensely still and sultry above. I consoled, for even in the deep, dark pit the air was stifling and oppressive, and I could not detect a sound or rustle in the vegetation that overhung the mouth of my living tomb. I could now see that the day was waning. The heat had become, if possible, still more intense, and once or twice I had fanned I heard a low, muttering, rumbling sound as if of distant thunder. The clouds were hurrying up in tremendous solid masses, and soon a big drop or two of rain began to come hustling through the overhanging grass, and another dread began to take possession of my mind. I knew what was coming. Fresh a hundred tiny crevices and gaps in the edge of my pit the troubled turbulent water began to trickle down, crumbling the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly, but surely, to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I cowardly describe to you my thoughts. I know I thought of home. I reviewed my past life. I made desperate struggles and again to free my self. I shouted and screamed for help. I believe I prayed and swore. In fact, for the time, I believe I must have gone demented, but I found myself utterly powerless. The miry clay and treacherous 'pank' held me firm, and then again I must have relapsed into unconsciousness.

"When I came to myself it was light, it was still raining heavily and stolidly; the big drops plashed down; I could see dull linden spikes above, and I knew the 'nullahs' and watercourses would soon be full. The battle of the elements had ceased, and but for the continuous crash of falling rain all was still. The water in the pit was nearly up to my shoulders. I felt I was doomed to die, and a sort of sullen, despairing stupor took possession of me. I had now given up all hope, when, hark! I thought I heard the sound of a human voice! With all the agony of despair I raised a cry for help.

"There was an awful pause, and then I heard my faithful backa crying in response. Again I cried out, and I soon saw his dear, old wrinkled face peering down at me from the edge of the pit.

"Well, how did they manage to get you out?" asked one of the raconteurs. "Oh, that was not easy, but they managed it. Some of them cut down saplings, and managed to make a sort of ladder, and the backa came down with a long ladder and loosened the 'pank' round my body, and then they tied their 'pangrees' and 'kummerbunds' together, and I knotted these around my waist and under my armpits, and with that help, they tugging away at the free ends, I managed to clamber out." —*New York Star.*

The Cobra Plant.

The cobra plant of Himalays, belonging to the family Aroidee, so strikingly resembles a cobra with its head erect, that persons coming upon it unawares instinctively recoil with horror. The ball moon-shaped markings on the cobra's head and the lines on its neck are imitated in the flower sheath of the plant, while the tongue like elongation of the pistil and of the midrib of the flower sheath serve to increase the resemblance of the plant to a living animal.

An ordinary elephant produces 120

pounds of ivory.

THE SOBBING RAIN.

The night grows dark, and weird, and cold; and thick drops patter on the pane; There comes a wailing from the sea; the wind is weary of the rain. The red coals click beneath the flame; and see, with slow and silent feet, The hooded shadows cross the woods to where the twilight waters beat. Now fanwags from the ruddy fire, a brilliance sweeps athwart the floor, As, streaming down the lattices, the rain comes sobbing to the door; As, streaming down the lattices, The rain comes sobbing to the door.

Dull echoes round the casement fall, and through the empty chambers go, Like forms unseen whom we can hear on tip-toe stealing to and fro; But fill your glasses to the brim, and, through a mist of smiles and tears, Our eyes shall tell how much we love to toast the shales of other years! And hither they will flock again, the ghosts of things that are no more.

While, streaming down the lattices, the rain comes sobbing to the door; While, streaming down the lattices, The rain comes sobbing to the door.

The tempest-trodden wast-lands moan, the trees are threshing at the blast, And now they come, the pallid shapes of dreams that perished in the past; And, when we lift the windows up, a smothered whisper round us strays, Like some lone wandering voice from graves that hold the wreck of by-gone days. I tell you that I love the storm, for think we not of thoughts of yore.

When streaming down the lattices, the rain comes sobbing to the door; When streaming down the lattices, The rain comes sobbing to the door.

We'll drink to those we sadly miss, and sing some solemn songs we know, Since they may chance to hear it all, and muse on friends they've left below. Who knows—if souls in bliss can leave the borders of their Eden home— But that some loving one may now about the ancient threshold roam!

Oh, like an exile, who would have a glimpse of the familiar door, Though, streaming down the lattices, the rain comes sobbing to the door. Though, streaming down the lattices, The rain comes sobbing to the door.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A course of sprouts—Celery. A plain man—The ranchero. Maid to order—A servant girl. Words in season—Sea and son. A beastly show—The menagerie. A slow match—Four years of courtship.

A middleman must be a center in trade circles. All the pawshop patrons wants is to be let a loan. —*Latet Mail.*

It is claimed by old hunters that rabbit trail is merely a hair line. Marble statues are noted for their sony expression. —*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"While you are around this way drop in," says the weighing machine to the nickel.

Senator demands believes in bringing the lurch down nation at Koloa to a full stop. —*London Post.*

Patient: "What is the best position in which to sleep?" Doctor: "I usually lie down." —*Boston Free Courier.*

We pity the Waterbury Watch Company if it ever has to wind up its business. —*Lawton Free Press.*

Only in the case of a tavern can a coat of paint on the outside be also on the inn-side. —*Richmond Dispatch.*

The poet who says he wove fancies "light as zephyr's play," probably used an air-blown. —*Birmingham Republican.*

It is one of the peculiarities of things in general that the freshest men generally tell the staliest stories. —*Danvor Commercial.*

"Never allow yourself to get out of anything," says a writer in a household journal. How about debt? —*Burlington Free Press.*

Many men who gloomily ask: "Is life worth living?" will not eat hot biscuits through fear of injuring their health. —*Atchison Globe.*

A German has discovered a process for converting cucumbers into sponges. The doctors are camping on his trail. —*Burlington Free Press.*

The man who thinks he can heave in a few toddlers, and go home and deceive his wife into an idea that he is quite sober, is worse fooled than he thinks she is. —*Albany Journal.*

Jake: "Mr. Slowp's wants to know if you'll open a running account with him." Dealer: "No; tell him I'm afraid we'd have too much running to do before we'd collect it." —*Detroit Free Press.*

"Isay, Jones, that was a shabby trick you played me about those trousers." "What's the matter; didn't they reach you all O. K.?" "Now; they came O. D.; drat 'em." —*Detroit Journal.*

Time, 11:15 P. M. Sis: "Mr. Tiresum, what is your favorite exercise?" He (enthusiastically): "Walking." She ("I am glad to know it. I was afraid you had forgotten how"): —*Burlington Free Press.*

MARRIAGE ON THE CONGO.

STRANGE CUSTOMS OF A LITTLE PORTUGUESE COLONY.

A Honeymoon Spent in a Hut—Importance and Power of the "Fetich Man." It Costs \$10 to Get a Wife from a Neighboring Town.

Happier than some other races of men, none of these West African tribes practice infanticide. On the contrary, it is considered a misfortune not to have children, and this desire is the source of some very curious habits and customs. Among the Bassas, a tribe further to the north, a banana tree is planted on the day of marriage, and if on the day of its first producing fruit a child should not have been born the contract is considered void and the parties marry again.

With the Kabina the bride and groom immediately after marriage are locked in a hut which must never be occupied before, and are there kept close prisoners for three months, except that at every midnight the old men of the town take the groom and the old women the bride and escort them to the "fetich man," to whom they appeal for children. During this time, however, they are well supplied with both food and drink. At the end of the three months a great feast is held, when the prisoners are released and the hut where they have been confined is burned, and thus their honeymoon is brought to an end.

HOW A WIFE IS GOT.

The ceremony of marriage among these people is conducted by the different tribes in a manner that is common to them all.

When a native wants a wife, if there is none in his own town to suit him, he sends to some neighboring chief asking if there is a girl in his town of the age desired. If the answer is in the affirmative, he then presents his case to the old men of his town, and after a "palaver," or talk, at which there is the drinking of much rum, they agree that he may bring home as a wife a woman from another town.

After securing this permission he, with presents in his hands for the propitiation of the spirit powers, visits the head "fetich man," and after listening to his many prayers receives a charm. He is then ready to seek his bride.

In the meantime the women of his town—maids, wives and widows—having been advised of his intention and being incensed by his slighting them in selecting a stranger, are prepared, as they are allowed by their laws to do, to prevent his leaving until their charms have been admitted and their indignation allayed by many presents. This custom, despite every precaution of the man, often ends in disputes which are settled only by an appeal to the "fetich man" and "sussiwod."

However, having overcome the difficulties of his departure, he arrives at and is received in his prospective bride's town by the old men of the place and by them conducted to the "palaver house," where there is more talk and more rum. The presents he has brought having been found acceptable, he is then allowed to know the parents of the girl he is seeking, and from them learns the sum in beads, rum, cloth, etc., he has to pay before he can secure her. This usually represents in value about \$10. This matter having been satisfactorily settled, he returns to his town and forwards the goods as agreed upon.

At the setting off the sun on the day appointed for the closing of the contract the bride, naked except for being painted with different colored chalks, accompanied by her parents and friends, arrives at the home of the groom. There they are received with much rejoicing, gun firing, drum beating, dancing and feasting. This is continued until both man and woman are exhausted by their orgies, when they are bundled into the hut to remain for the customary time.

The customs surrounding the bringing up of these girls and their conduct after having become wives are strange and interesting. All women, unless they are slaves, until they are married or reach a certain age are under the care of the old women, and are called "cutta de emungo," or grigory bush girls. They can be easily recognized, for, no matter what may be their age, they are always entirely naked, with only a small horn hanging from a string fastened around the neck. They also plaster thickly their shaven heads with clay at frequent intervals. This is to "fetich" to remove or touch with water, and must be taken off only by their husbands.

THE SEDUCER THERE GETS HIS DUE.

For one of these girls to be forgetful of her virtue is a crime, but for which she is not called upon to pay the penalty. The nature of the punishment is death, but how inflicted it has been impossible for me to learn; it being "fetich" for any male to interfere in these matters. The old women have sole jurisdiction and most jealously guard the secrets of their calling; but, be it as it may, the man, after having been accused, is never free from espionage until some day he is missed, when after a time he is found in a mutilated condition dead in his hut. Contrary to what might be expected, so strict are these people in the observance of this custom that no sum of money will purchase immunity, and even being a white man is no protection from their revenge.

After a woman becomes a wife different laws affect her. If convicted of unfaithfulness she is punished according to her husband's pleasure. This, as a rule, finds expression by his selling her into slavery. A peculiar belief is their finding reason for the failure of any endeavor or undertaking they may have in hand in their wives' forgetfulness of their duties.

A native chief, when about to start on a journey, or go on a hunting or trading expedition, or to war, on the day before his departure, calls together his many wives and advises them of his intention. He then reminds them that the success or failure of his effort depends upon them, and asks if they have been guilty of any fault of which they should be purged before starting on his journey. This, of course, is answered in the negative. Satisfied with their denial, he then instructs them as to their conduct during his absence, and then leaves to proceed on his way.—Cor. New York Herald.

The Rabbits, who have a story for everything, say that before Jacob men never sneezed but once, and then immediately died. They assure us that Patriarch was the first who died a natural death, before him all men died by sneezing; the memory of which was ordered to be preserved in all nations by a command of every prince to his subjects to employ some salutary exclamation after the act of sneezing.

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The Fall of "Atchison."

The remarkable decline in the market value of the stock of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company touched the lowest notch Jan. 21st, when the stock was quoted at \$18 per share, a decline of \$70 a share from the figures of about one year ago. This tremendous shrinkage is of great importance to Boston, where most of the stock is held. Many persons of small means have derived their chief support from the dividends on this stock, and now that it no longer pays dividends they can neither draw any income from it nor get their money out except at a ruinous loss.

Circumstances have conspired to send this stock down. In the first place the road has extended its lines greatly, often through new country where the business is not sufficient to make the new lines an immediate paying investment. Some of the best paying parts of the road have been paralleled by other lines, and there has been a consequent loss of traffic and fall of rates. Then the cutting of rates which began over a year ago and which has only lately partially stopped, has been disastrous all round.

Still many shrewd investors regard the stock as excellent property at a much higher price than that which was touched yesterday, and the widows and orphan who have their money invested in it have reason to be hopeful. The freight rates so disastrously cut have been restored, or will be soon. The road is a carefully managed one and it runs through a rapidly developing territory, so the natural increase of its business can be counted upon confidently. If it now has too much mileage it is only a question of time when the country will have grown up to it.

The full statement of the affairs of the road, which has been promised for next Saturday, will be looked for with great interest in this city and elsewhere. If it shows even a moderately encouraging state of things the stock ought to go up handsomely. And few things could give so much satisfaction to Boston people of moderate means as restored quotations for "Atchison."—Boston Globe.

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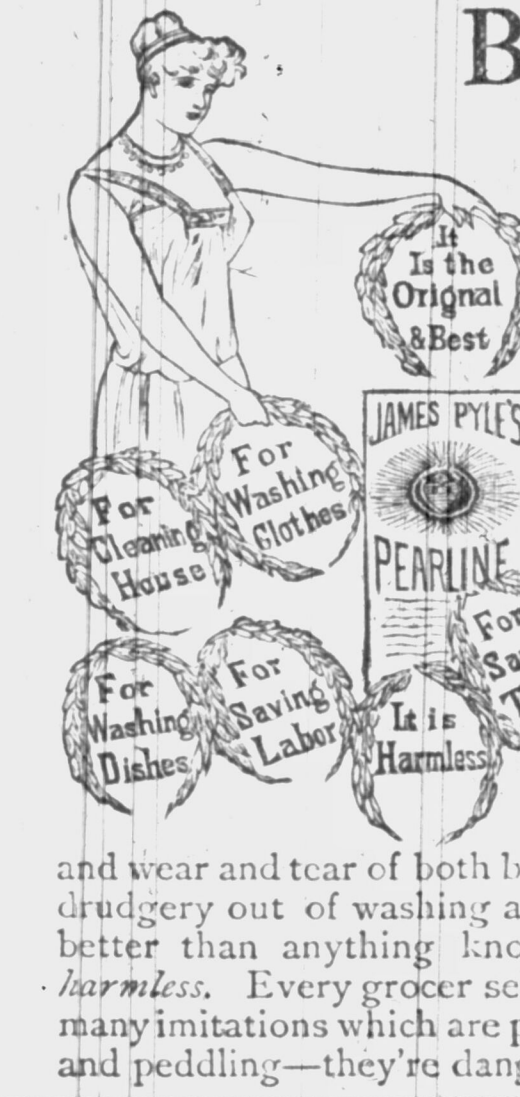
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